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Nick Carter Stories

NICK CARTER AND KENO M'CALL OR THE FATE OF A STOOL PIGEON

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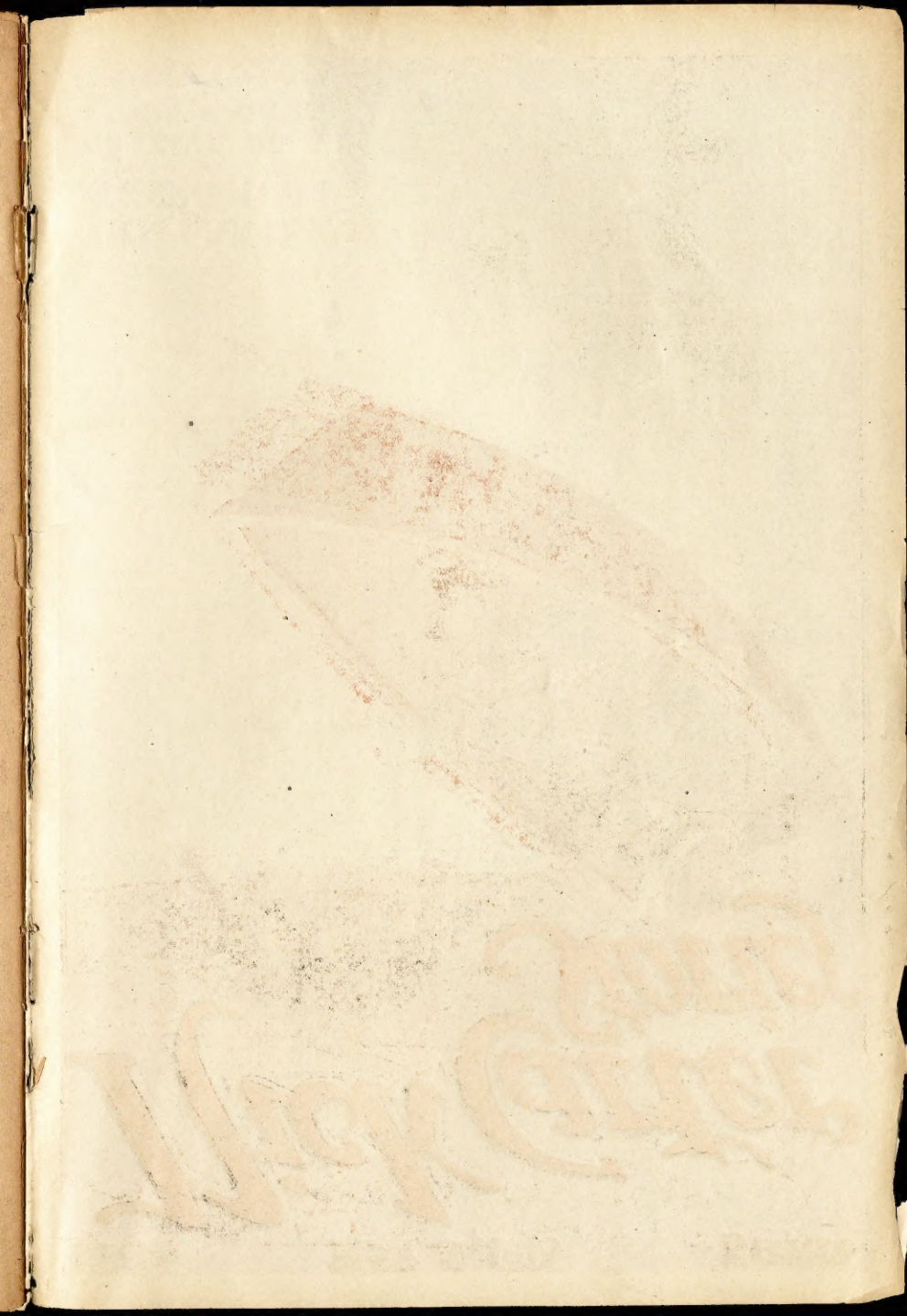

NICK CARTER STORIES

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NICK CARTER AND KENO M'CALL;

Or, THE FATE OF A STOOL PIGEON.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRUSTED TELLER.

"Our paying teller has disappeared, Mr. Carter, and three packages containing ten thousand each are missing from his cash box."

"Humph! It's simply a case of the telegraph, and the mails, and the police can aid you as much as I can."

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Carter. We officials at the bank have every confidence in our paying teller."

"I assure you your confidence in the paying teller is misplaced."

"We must differ from you."

"Why have you come to see me?"

"Well, we want you to find the missing man, and prove his innocence."

"I cannot do impossibilities."

"Meaning, by that, that you——"

"That I might be able to find your paying teller, but the chances are I should prove him guilty rather than innocent."

"That is as it may be. What we want is the truth, in any event. Will you take the case?"

"When did the teller disappear?"

"He was working at his desk when the other clerks left the countingroom Monday night. That was the last time he was in the bank."

"Was he at his home Monday night?"

"No."

"Monday," mused the detective, "and this is Wednesday forenoon. Well, I will take the case."

"As I just said," returned Jordan, with a look of relief, "it's the truth we want, and now I'm sure we'll get it."

"What is the teller's name?" asked Nick.

"Lloyd Perrin. He was fifty years old, married, and has four children, the oldest a young man of twenty-two."

"How about his habits?"

"Most exemplary. A presiding elder in the church, assistant superintendent of the Sunday school, and a thoroughly good man in every way."

"Not a clubman, then?"

"He belongs to only one club, and that is the Mohawk Fishing Club, which has its headquarters on the Sound shore of Long Island."

"What sort of a looking man is Mr. Perrin?"

"Here is one of the last photographs he had taken. I thought it might be valuable to you, if you should take the case, and so I brought it along."

The photo was of an eminently respectable gentleman with gray mustache and sideburns and gray hair. It was not exactly a criminal face, and yet it was a weak face in many respects.

"This man is a moral coward," said the detective, his eyes bent on the picture. "He would not steal from you openly because he would run the chance of being caught and punished; but if he thought he could use your money to make money, without your ever being the wiser, the temptation would be too much for him."

"How do you know all that?" asked the wondering Jordan.

"That is what his face tells me. You know Perrin's address?"

"Yes. It is number——"

"Please write it on that."

Nick handed his caller a blank card, and the latter wrote down the address.

"I think that will be all this morning, Mr. Jordan," said Nick, rising.

"There is one thing I did not state," remarked Jordan, also rising.

"What was that?"

"There was fifty thousand dollars in the cash box."

"And Perrin only took thirty thousand of it?"

"Yes. If he is really a thief, why did he leave twenty thousand dollars behind him?"

"Was there anything else in the vault he could make off with?"

"Certainly."

"Then why didn't he take that?"

Jordan was nonplused.

"He's a moral coward, I tell you," went on the detective; "that will be proved in the end."

Jordan went away, his confidence in the trusted teller somewhat impaired.

Nick Carter rang for a servant.

"Is Chickering in the house?" he asked, when the servant appeared.

"Yes, sir."

"Please send him here."

Chick entered in a moment, and Nick gave him a brief résumé of the case, and handed over the card bearing Perrin's address.

"Call at the house, Chick," said he, "and see what you can learn."

"Report here?"

"Yes."

Chick left at once, and in half an hour Nick also left, suitably disguised.

CHAPTER II.

A GRUESOME FIND.

Tedbury is a lonely little station on the railroad skirting the Sound shore of Long Island. No "commuters" live there, and yet there is a certain amount of railroad business—enough, at least, to keep an agent in the station.

Early Wednesday afternoon an eastbound train halted at Tedbury, and a young fellow, who looked as though he might be in search of a job, got off.

After flashing a quick look around him, the young fellow went into the depot and interviewed the agent.

"Any passengers ever get off here?"

"You jest got off, didn't ye?"

"How about Monday evening?"

"Well, now——"

"Maybe this will help you to think."

A five-dollar bill was slipped through the agent's window, and that official scooped it up and looked hard at the young man who had the appearance of being on the hunt for a job.

"Do you know the members of the Mohawk Fishing Club?"

"Every man jack of 'em."

"Who are some of them?"

"Colonel Pettingill, Robert Bickford, Lloyd Perrin——"

"Was Pettingill, or Bickford, or Perrin out here yesterday or to-day?"

"No."

"How about Monday evening?"

"Nor Monday, either."

"Were there any passengers for Tedbury Monday night?"

"Two. I remember 'cause it ain't often they come at that time."

"Was one of them Perrin?"

"No. Perrin has gray hair and gray whiskers. These men had black hair and whiskers."

"Well dressed?"

"Yes."

"One of them slender and tall?"

"Yes."

"And the other short and thickset?"

"No; the other was slender and tall, too."

"Did they bring anything?"

"One of 'em had a brand-new grip. I got a good look at 'em as they crossed the depot platform under the light."

"Only one grip?"

"That's all. And they had the same grip when they came back and caught the early Tuesday morning train."

"Came back, did they?"

"Yep. And one of 'em wasn't so slender and tall as when he got here."

"No?"

"I should say not. His hair and beard was still black, but he had shrunk about six inches in height and grown about six inches in breadth."

"Which way did they go when they arrived Monday night?"

"They started along the road through the woods to the north."

"Where does that road lead?"

"To the Mohawk clubhouse."

"Much obliged. Just forget about me, will you?"

"Sure, if you say so," grinned the agent.

Nick, for, of course, it was the detective, left the depot and started along the road that led through the woods. It was not a very good road, and this proved that it was but little used. The woods were thick, and the silence and loneliness were heightened by the surf breaking along the shore, farther on.

Nick Carter walked slowly and used his eyes at every step. Nothing ever escaped him, and he found something, before he had gone more than halfway through the woods, which gave him a thrill. It was a black wig with full beard attached, and lay at the roadside, almost hidden under the bushes.

Nick examined the inside of the wig and found a few gray hairs clinging to it. Then he stowed the wig carefully away in his pocket and examined the road carefully at that point. There were many footprints, but, he was certain, they were caused by only two pairs of feet. It looked as though two men had stood there for a time debating something or other, and had then turned into the woods along a dimly defined path.

"This is warming up," thought Nick. "I'll go to the clubhouse and see what I can discover there."

A colored man was painting a boat down by the boathouse belonging to the club, and Nick accosted him.

"Work here, judge?"

"Yase, kunnel."

Nick gave him a silver dollar.

"Do you know Mr. Lloyd Perrin?"

"Yase, suh."

"Has he been out here lately?"

"Not sense laist week. Whaffur yo' axin' me all dese questions?"

"I didn't know but that I could get a job from him."

"At dis hyer clubhouse?" asked the darky, with bulging eyes. "Go 'way, man! Ah got dis job mase'f."

"No, no. I want to get a job at the bank in town."

The negro looked relieved.

"Dunno nuffin' 'bout that," said he.

"Has Mr. Perrin got a friend, a tall, slim man with black hair and full beard?"

"No sich gemman in de club."

"All right," said Nick, and turned and made his way back to the point where he had picked up the wig and false beard.

As before stated, the path debouching from the road at that place was very dimly defined. Still the detective was easily able to follow it, and it led him for about two hundred yards straight into the depths of the woods. Then it terminated suddenly in a little clearing where a small log cabin had been built.

During the summer the cabin was made use of by campers from the city, but at this particular time it was not so employed.

Nick advanced cautiously and listened at the cabin wall, but no sound reached his ears from within, and he started for the closed door, but, being obliged to pass a window, he paused to look through. What he saw staggered him.

The next instant he had raced to the door, thrown it open, and leaped inside.

Hanging by the neck from one of the rafters was the form of a tall, slender man. But his hair was not black, nor did he have a black full beard. His hair and side whiskers were gray. The face was horribly puffed and bloated, but the detective had no difficulty in recognizing the features. He was gazing upon the body of the missing paying teller. The man had been dead for many hours.

CHAPTER III.

MORE CLEWS.

Murder or suicide? This was the first question that darted through the great detective's mind, and a card pinned to the breast of the coat seemingly answered the query.

Nick did not remove the card, but read the words:

"Thirty years with the bank, and now to have this happen! The disgrace is more than I can bear."

The written words were unsigned, and Nick knew very well that a murderer might have placed them there to have it appear a case of suicide. But there were other things proving that Lloyd Perrin had taken his own life. His hands were unbound, which would hardly have been the case if he had met death by hanging at the hands of others. Nor had he been gagged. In fact everything pointed to the fact that the note pinned to the breast of the dead man's coat was authentic.

The detective looked around. There was a table in one end of the room, and on the table was a brand-new satchel. The satchel was open, and Nick passed over to it and looked inside. It contained three packages, wrapped with manila paper, and neatly tied.

Removing the string, Nick examined one of the packages, and found that it contained twenty oblong slips of blank paper—nothing more. The other two packages contained exactly the same.

As he straightened out the wrapper of the last package, preparatory to replacing it, the detective made a discovery. There was the print of a grimy hand on the wrapper—dim, but so distinct that the minute lines that fretted the skin could be seen with the aid of a pocket magnifying glass. But there was this peculiarity about the hand print: Either the first and second fingers of the hand that made the print were gone at the second joint, or else the other parts of those two fingers had failed to leave any mark whatever.

Nick examined the other wrappers, but there was absolutely no sign of a hand print upon them, and after further examination, he became convinced that the hand that made the print was a maimed hand—a maimed right hand.

Stepping over to the gruesome form that swung from the rafter, he looked at the stiffened right hand and found it perfect. No; the hand that made that print belonged to the man who had decoyed the paying teller to this hut in the woods and brought about his undoing.

After a thorough search of the cabin, during which he found nothing, the detective folded the piece of brown paper very carefully, left the cabin, closed the door securely behind him, and hurried back to Tedbury. There he sent a messenger to James Jordan, vice president Manhattan and Union Bank, New York:

"Come at once to Tedbury, Long Island. Am here waiting for you. Utmost importance."

Nick sent another telegram to Appleby, the coroner, and he and Jordan reached Tedbury at almost the same time.

"What's wanted?" asked the coroner.

"A matter of business," said Nick, and then told who he was.

Jordan was also extremely curious, and when the detective introduced Appleby, and explained that he was the coroner, the vice president's face grew long and apprehensive.

"Have you found Perrin?" asked Jordan.

"Yes."

"How is he?"

"Prepare yourself for a shock."

"Am I to expect——"

"Expect the worst."

In fifteen minutes Nick had led his two companions to the hut in the woods, and when he opened the door, Jordan followed him inside the hut and gave vent to a cry of horror as his eyes encountered the swinging figure.

"Get your nerves in hand, Mr. Jordan," said Nick, "and read that card pinned to Perrin's coat."

"Is he dead?" faltered Jordan.

"He has been dead for several hours."

"This is horrible!"

"Murder or suicide?" inquired the coroner.

"Suicide," answered Nick.

The paying teller had stood on a chair and fastened a section of clothesline about his neck and to the rafter. He had then kicked the chair out from under him.

The three men now took him down and laid him on a rough-board bench, after Nick possessed himself of the brand-new satchel.

"Business calls me back to the city," said Nick, "and I shall leave matters here in the hands of yourself and the coroner, Mr. Jordan."

"But your testimony, Mr. Carter——" began Appleby.

"I left the body hanging so that you could see it just as

it was when I discovered it. My testimony will not be needed."

Nick left the hut, and Jordan followed him for a short distance.

"What is in the satchel?" inquired the vice president.

Nick showed him.

"What in the world was Perrin doing with those packages of blank paper?"

"He was victimized."

"How?"

"Well, he took that thirty thousand dollars out of the bank Monday night. There were twenty five-hundred-dollar bills in each package, were there not?"

"How could you know that?"

"Because there are twenty blank slips of paper in each of these dummy packages. The job was put up from start to finish. Your trusted teller wanted money, and he couldn't see the difference between borrowing that money overnight or taking it for a more indefinite period."

"But why did he take it at all?"

"His salary did not supply him with sufficient funds."

"How was he to make anything by using that money?"

"He was helping some one to rob some one else."

"I can't believe it!"

"If you don't believe that, you must believe that Perrin was a thief and deliberately stole the money with no intention of returning it. I may be wrong in one or two points, but I am positive that I have most of the story clear enough."

"Who helped him."

"A tall, slender man with black hair and beard. They came here together, Perrin with a brand-new satchel containing the thirty thousand dollars."

"That one?" asked Jordan, pointing to the grip Nick was carrying.

"No, not that one," answered the detective, "but one exactly like it. Shortly after Perrin and his companion got here another man showed up. This man was short and thickset, and he brought this grip concealed in a paper parcel.

"This was the man who was supposed to be the victim. In reality he was working in conjunction with the tall, black-haired man. Perrin was engaged in conversation, and the satchels were exchanged, the grip with the money being wrapped in the paper, and the other left in its place.

"Presently the two men excused themselves and left Perrin, ostensibly for a talk, or on some other pretext. They never returned to the hut. Perrin waited until he began to suspect that all was not right. Then he investigated the satchel, found the dummy packages, and, in his despair, took his own life."

"What will be your next move?" asked Jordan.

"My next move will be to find the men who victimized the teller."

"You have clews?"

Nick nodded.

"I brought you out here, Mr. Jordan," Nick went on, "to see the exact condition of affairs. You know as much as I do about Perrin's taking off and may offer your own explanation. Whatever you choose to say will not affect the rest of my work very much."

The two men parted, and the detective caught the first train back to New York, where his first step, on reaching the city, was to call at police headquarters.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN FROM CHICAGO.

"I would like to find a man with a hand like this, chief," said Nick, after he had been warmly greeted by the head of the department.

As he spoke he took from his pocket the piece of paper bearing the imprint of the maimed hand.

The chief scrutinized the hand print closely. Then he took a magnifying glass from a drawer in his desk and continued his examination. At last he gave a whistle.

"I'd like to find that man myself, Nick," said he.

"You know the fellow?"

"I think so."

"Have you his picture?"

"Yes, and his measurements on the Bertillon system."

"Do the Bertillon measurements include his thumb mark?"

"They do."

"Good! That will enable us to identify the man exactly."

The chief called for a volume of photographs, turned the leaves rapidly, and finally paused, his index finger on a picture.

"There he is," said he. "Foxy Perkins, alias Two-fingered Perkins, alias Splinters. Flim-flammer, and sawdust man. Ten years in Sing Sing for shoving the queer and five in Waupun for working a con game. A pal and confederate of Keno McCall's."

The picture was of a man with cropped hair and smooth face, clad in stripes. A heavy, square jaw, low forehead, bulldog neck, and a pair of bad eyes were the distinctive features of Two-fingered Perkins. Side by side with the picture of his face was pasted a picture of his maimed hand.

"Where is the thumb mark?" asked Nick.

The chief found it, after a short search, and the mark was compared with the print on the piece of manila paper. They tallied exactly.

"This Perkins is wanted, you say?" the detective asked.

"Badly."

"On what charge?"

"The old dodge of trading blank paper for good money."

"Was the graft pulled off in New York?"

"Yes, a month ago."

"Then he's not in this town."

"We've been looking for him, and I'll take my oath he's nowhere in my bailiwick."

"Have you a picture of Keno McCall?"

"No; and there's not a rogues' gallery in the country that has one."

"Hasn't he ever been run in?"

"Never. He's one of the cleverest crooks in the country, and is an artist in evading arrest. We want him for the same job that we want Foxy Perkins."

"You don't know what he looks like?"

"No. All we know about him is what we have learned from other crooks, in the high-temperature room. They say he can't be described, as he never looks twice alike."

"Ah! Good at disguising himself."

"So many hair-raising yarns are told about him that some of the police authorities believe there's no such man—that he's a myth, and never had an existence except in the minds of some of the strong-arm fraternity."

"But you think differently?"

"I am positive there is such a man. It has come to such a pass, however, that whenever a peculiarly clever bit of con work is pulled off, no matter whether in New York or California, Keno McCall is supposed to be the man that engineers it."

"He would be an interesting man to run down."

"He'd be a hard one, I take it, for he is said to be as desperate as he is clever."

"Where was he supposed to be, at last accounts?"

"He was supposed to be in three places, all on the same day—St. Paul, New Orleans, and Chicago."

"That, of itself, proves that he's credited with a lot more deals than he ever takes a hand in."

"If he pulled off a quarter of the jobs that are charged against him, he could be kept doing time for the rest of his natural life."

"Are there any detectives after him?"

"Several. But they don't go after McCall directly because they've nothing to go on. They take the trail of some pal of his and hope in that way to get next to him."

"And you don't think that McCall or Foxy Perkins have been operating in the East lately?"

"It's hard to tell anything about McCall, but we can figure pretty closely as to Perkins, and I think he'll give New York a wide berth for some time. Have you discovered anything which leads you to believe that Perkins is in this section?"

"I've found that hand print."

"The best of evidence, Nick."

"I may have something to tell you later that will be of interest, chief."

"If you can land McCall it will be a great piece of work. And if any one can do it, you're the man."

When Nick got home it was late in the afternoon, and Chick was wanting for him.

"Find out anything of importance?" Nick asked.

"The Perrin family seem to be very much cut up over the disappearance of the teller——"

"Naturally."

"All except the young man."

"How does the young man feel?"

"Nervous."

"Shows no grief?"

"Not a particle."

"What kind of a young man is he?"

"Gambler, rake, and everything else. The rest of the family are nice enough, though. The boy is a black sheep."

"Anything else?"

"That's all."

"It's something to think over, anyhow. Let's go down and have something to eat. I'm about famished."

While they were eating a caller was announced.

"Milton Kyle," was the name on the card, and in the upper left-hand corner was a cheap wood cut of an open eye and the words, "I never sleep."

In the lower left-hand corner were the words, "Private Investigator, Chicago."

Nick flung the card to Chick with a quiet laugh.

"A professional caller," he said. "Have him wait in my study," he added to the servant; "no," he qualified hastily, "the hall is good enough. Have him wait there and say I'll be with him in a few minutes."

Presently Nick came out into the hall.

A tall, slouchy-looking man was awaiting him; a man with carroty chin whiskers and a painful stoop to his loosely hung form.

At sight of Nick he jumped at him and grabbed him by both hands.

"Hooray!" he shouted. "Kyle, Chicago's best, strikes hands with Carter, New York's finest! Ring bells, bang cannon, whoop 'er up! Take to the woods, crooks and plug-uglies! Carter, this here's a combination to set things afire! Honest! It does me proud to jam up against you."

"Don't mention it," returned Nick dryly. "You're from Chicago?"

"First, last, and all the time. Don't mean to say you never heard o' me?"

"I can't remember that I ever have."

"Shades of gloom! Why, Carter, my fame has splashed over the hull Northwest!"

"What have you done?" asked Nick.

"What have I done? Hear him! Why it was me that trailed down Neb Hanchett, him that salted Farmer Beebee to the tune of four hundred for a gold brick. Remember that?"

"No."

"Well, now! But say, here's a letter. I jumped a train and slid along here to put you next to a few things, Carter. That letter's my passport. Cast your eagle eye over its contents, and you'll begin to have a flickerin' idee as to who I am."

Milton Kyle folded his arms and leaned against the wall while Nick opened the letter that had been handed to him.

The envelope bore the card of the Chicago police department, and the letter ran as follows:

"DEAR CARTER: There's more to this sleuth than you might think from his appearance and talk. He has done work for us, and what he has to tell you is not the buzzing of a bee in his bonnet. Give him your confidence and you'll find that he deserves it. I'll vouch for him."

This was signed by the chief of the Chicago police—a man of whom Nick Carter thought highly.

"Glad to meet you, Kyle," said he.

"Begin to understand, hey?" inquired Kyle, with a lofty grin.

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"That ain't it, Nicky, old man. It's what we can both do for each other, see?"

"Well, put it that way, then."

"I'm out after Keno McCall."

"Ah!"

"If you want, you can help me pinch him."

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

"That's it, why don't I? I'll tell you. There'll be some one with McCall, and the job's too hefty for one lone sleuth."

"Who'll be with him?"

"Perkins."

"Two-fingered Perkins?"

"The same. You see, I've spotted Perkins 'cause that's the only way to get next to McCall."

"How do you know you've got next to McCall?"

"Ain't dead sure. McCall never looks twice alike; but

there's some one with Perkins, and I'll bet it's the king bee."

"Where is Perkins?"

"Paterson."

"What is he doing in Paterson?"

"Workin' as engineer in a silk mill. I just come from out there, and if you want to go back with me to-night, I'll bet a farm we nab both the handy boys."

"How long has Perkins been working in the silk mill?"

"He went on last Saturday; took a lay-off Monday, but was at his engine again Tuesday morning."

If Perkins had really been one of those who robbed the paying teller he would have had to be absent from Paterson Monday night. And it was very possible for him to get back and be at work Tuesday morning.

"What kind of a looking man is Perkins?" asked Nick.

"Short, thickset, maimed right hand, and all that."

"What do you want him for?"

"For a Chicago graft. Will you go with me? Now's the time, if ever."

"Certainly I'll go with you, Mr. Kyle. Excuse me a moment."

Nick ran upstairs to his study.

"How's the man from Chicago?" asked Chick, looking up from his paper.

"He's a conundrum. He brings a letter from the Chicago chief, though, that says he is all right."

Nick pulled out his revolvers, examined them, and put them back into his pockets.

"Is Patsy around?" he added.

"Yes."

"Get him and shadow us."

"Correct."

Chick left the room.

Five minutes later Nick had hurried downstairs and rejoined Kyle.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," said he, "but I'm ready at last."

CHAPTER V.

TREACHERY.

Nick Carter was not very strongly impressed with the Chicago man. The letter from the Chicago chief of police seemed authentic, and what little confidence Nick had in the fellow was derived from this letter. There was nothing to be gained, however, in openly voicing a suspicion of Milton Kyle. On the contrary, much might be accomplished by seeming to fall in with him. If he was all right, no harm would be done. If he was all wrong, a desperate risk would be taken, but clews might be developed that would make the venture worth while. Besides, Chick and Patsy were to be on hand in case of need. But the very fact that the Chicago man was a braggart, and "small fry" at best, gave Nick an instinctive distrust of him.

Together they took the tube, and, as it happened, made quick connection with a train for Paterson. They failed to catch an express train, and were forty-five or fifty minutes in reaching their destination by a local.

"How did you happen to get next to Perkins?" Nick asked.

"From a letter that he wrote to a pal in Chicago. I had my eagle eye on this pal of his for quite a spell."

"Where did you intercept this letter of Foxy Perkins'?"

"Last Saturday."

"Where was it from?"

"Why, from Paterson, of course."

"It would take a letter two days to get from Paterson to Chicago, wouldn't it?"

"Probably."

"Then Perkins must have written his letter some time Thursday?"

"That's the way I figure it."

"And he wasn't at work in the silk mill Saturday. How do you account for that?"

Kyle hesitated a moment.

"He didn't go to work in the mill till Saturday," he answered, at last, "but that doesn't prove that he wasn't in Paterson some days before he went to work. It must have taken him some time to find the job."

"What is he? Engineer?"

"Assistant engineer."

Nick was thinking of the hand print. A hand begrimed with oil and dust would have made the print, so it seemed plausible that Kyle's story might be true—in that respect, at least.

Nick made no attempt to find out whether his assistants had followed, boarded the same Erie train, and arrived in Paterson neck and neck with himself and the Chicago man. He did not attempt to reassure himself because he did not care to arouse the suspicions of the man from Chicago. More than that, he knew very well that Chick and Patsy could be depended on.

A large number of passengers got off the train at Paterson.

It was eight o'clock, and Kyle seemed to know exactly where he wanted to go.

"Perkins hangs pretty close to his boarding house," said the Chicago man; "keeps shady all the time he's out of the mill. So it's a safe money break that we'll find him at his hang-out just about now."

Why a man who had recently come into a "divvy" on a thirty-thousand-dollar job should continue to work in the silk mill was more than Nick could understand. Yet it might be, improbable as it seemed.

A street car that carried the two in the direction of the Passaic River and the falls was boarded, and when they got off, the roar of the falls was loud in their ears.

"Ever see those falls?" inquired Kyle, as he guided Nick in the direction of a block of frame buildings.

"Several times," answered Nick.

"Great, ain't they? What if a fellow was to go over 'em?"

"That would be the end of him."

"Hist now! Here we are."

Kyle came to a halt in front of a boarding house of the extremely tough variety, and just as they stopped, a boy went in through the front door with a can of beer.

"I've got a smooth scheme for getting at the fellow," whispered Kyle.

"I'll pretend to be from the mill and wanting to see Perkins on business, see?"

Nick would have gone about it differently. But the Chicago man was engineering the game, and Nick thought best to play into his hands completely.

"Perkins isn't working in the mill under his own name, is he?"

"Hardly," returned Kyle. "He calls himself Singer,

and this is the night he's going to sing pretty small, you can bet on that. Come on."

They walked up the steps and hammered on the door. A frowsy-looking man with a beery breath answered the summons.

"What d'ye want?" he demanded.

"We're from the silk mill and want to see Mr. Singer. Tell him it's about his work there."

"All right. Wait a minute."

The man went upstairs, and disappeared from sight. They could hear him knock on a door, however, and also hear the colloquy that followed when the door opened.

"Well, what's up?" came a hoarse voice.

"A couple o' men downstairs want to see you."

"What do they want to see me about?"

"They say they're from the mill and want to see you about work."

"I turned down that job at the mill this noon, so they can't want to see me about that. I don't want to have anything to do with 'em. Tell 'em so."

The door was slammed shut.

"He's leery of us," Kyle whispered to Nick, "but here's our chance to get in our work. This way, quick!"

Kyle started up the stairs, and Nick followed.

They met the frowsy-looking man at the head of the stairs.

"Not a word!" hissed the Chicago man. "Which room is Singer's?"

"That one," said the man, pointing.

Kyle hurried toward it, Nick close behind him.

A push at the knob proved that the door was locked.

The Chicago man, raising his right foot, planted a kick near the knob. The kick was a heavy one, and the door was burst open.

Here again was a move which Nick would not have made. It will be remembered that Kyle, by his own statement, was looking for Keno McCall—tracing that man through Foxy Perkins. His main object now seemed to be the capture of Perkins, and it looked as though he had forgotten all about McCall.

In a second Kyle and Nick were in the room. There was a man there in his shirt sleeves—short, heavily built, and, save for a mustache, a dead ringer for the face in the rogues' gallery of the New York police.

This man, startled by the unceremonious advent of his callers, was standing in the center of the room holding a lamp in his right hand.

To make the identity complete, Nick saw that the first and second fingers of the right hand were partly gone.

Kyle displayed a revolver.

"Steady, Perkins!" he called warningly. "You're up against it! I'm Kyle, the boss sleuth of Chicago, and you're——"

At that instant Kyle flung down the lamp. It crashed to fragments, plunging the room in darkness.

"Nab him, Carter! Don't let him get away!"

This from Kyle, in a frantic tone.

But Kyle did not shoot, and the next thing that happened concerned Nick entirely.

Some one sprang upon him from behind.

Whirling about, he jerked away from the encompassing arms and dealt a terrific right-hander that found its mark in spite of the surrounding gloom.

Simultaneously, Nick let off a whistle signal for his assistants.

"Curse him!" came a hoarse voice; "don't let him repeat that!"

Instantly the detective was beset from all sides. There were more than two concerned in the attack, and Nick fought furiously with his bare knuckles, expecting every moment that Chick and Patsy would come bounding up the stairs.

But, for some reason or other, they did not come, and the great detective, in spite of his strength and skill, was overcome. The odds against him were too great, and science and muscle were at a disadvantage in the dark in those unfamiliar surroundings.

It looked as though the scoundrels had their preparations all made, for the detective was bound hand and foot and gagged. This was all accomplished, and accomplished thoroughly, without any sort of a light. Furthermore, the commotion in Perkins' room caused no alarm in the rest of the house.

After the detective was trussed up there was not a sound to mar the deathlike stillness—not a sound save the low whispers exchanged by those in the room.

Nick was unable to talk, but he was doing some pretty keen thinking. There was treachery, of course, but it had been worked out in rather a clever way. Milton Kyle was a "fake." But who was he? What share had he had in the undoing of the paying teller?

While Nick was busy with his thoughts he was suddenly picked up, neck and heels, and carried downstairs, still in the dark. He was not taken out the front way, but through a rear door. The night was exceedingly dark, and the detective could see that only two men took him from the house—these men being the bearers.

Their faces could not be seen, but one of the men was tall and the other short and burly—presumably the two were the treacherous Kyle and Foxy Perkins.

The course taken lay in the direction of the river, as Nick could tell by the increasing roar of the falls, and the detective had a thought of his probable fate that made him shudder.

It was not a case of revenge, nor a case of robbery, but simply a matter of getting him out of the way. These villains had learned, in some manner, that he had taken the Perrin case, and fear of the great detective had led them to entrap him.

Louder and louder grew the roar of the Passaic falls, and, finally, the murderous pair came to a halt.

"Is the boat there?" gruffly demanded one of the villains.

"I made sure of that some time ago," returned the other.

"Then into the boat with him!"

It was Kyle's voice that spoke then. Nick was sure of it.

Nick was then picked up, carried a few yards farther, and thrown into a boat.

The shorter man stepped back; the other cut the boat's painter, and held to the stern for a moment.

"Now, then, Mr. Nicholas Carter," whispered the man who held the boat, "let's see if you can go over the falls and live to do business. Good-by to you!"

With a push, he hurled the boat far from shore. The next instant it was caught in the current and sent whirling away.

"That will do for him!" Nick heard one of the scoundrels say. "Now, then, cut for it!"

CHAPTER VI.

A PUZZLING MESSAGE.

Exerting his great strength, he made an effort to burst the cords that held his hands. His enemies, however, knew their business, and had tied him in a way that made his unaided release an impossibility, and while he was struggling to free himself, the boat shot out into the air and came down right side up with a terrific splash. It careened dangerously, but did not ship any water.

"The dam!" thought Nick.

He had been carried over the dam, but the water was high and luck was with him.

The boat was now in the eddying torrent, and began spinning swiftly as it was hurried faster and faster toward the falls.

The cataract fell into a sort of rocky gash, the river swirling away at the foot of the cataract almost at right angles with its course at the bridge. Then it passed under a footbridge, made another turn around a precipitous cliff, and dashed away in a powerful torrent.

Nick knew there was no hope for the boat going over these falls, as it had done over the dam. It would be crushed to pieces against the rocks, he would be thrown out, and——

As this thought darted across his mind he became aware that the motion of the boat had been suddenly checked, and turning his head he saw another boat at the stern. There was a man in the bow of the second boat, and this man was hanging like grim death to the skiff that contained the detective.

"Nick!"

It was Chick's voice, and a thrill of relief shot through every fiber of Nick's body. His assistants were late, but they were in time to save him, even if not in time to capture Perkins and Kyle.

"I say, Nick!" called Chick.

Nick tried desperately to answer, but only succeeded in forming an incoherent sound.

"I see how it is, old man," said Chick; "you're gagged. Well, don't worry. This boat I'm in is fastened to a tree on the bank and I'll snake you out of this quick."

There was a painter attached to Chick's boat, and he made it securely fast to the stern of the skiff; then he turned away, caught the rope that connected with the shore, and pulled both boats to safety, hand over hand.

"Good boy!" called the voice of Patsy. "Is Nick in the boat?"

"Sure. Get him out, Patsy. He's roped and gagged."

"The dastards!" exclaimed Patsy.

The next instant he sprang into the skiff, released Nick, and removed the gag. Then in a flash, Nick was on his feet and had sprung ashore.

"Why didn't you show up at the house when I whistled?" Nick asked hastily.

"We didn't hear you whistle, Nick," replied Chick, "and weren't anywhere near the house."

"Weren't you following?"

"Yes, but on another car—a car that turned off somewhere a quarter of a mile back. We had to use our legs in following you and lost the trail."

"Where did you pick up the trail again?"

"We were at the footbridge when we saw two men at work, on the shore, farther up under the wagon bridge. As we started for them they pushed a boat out from the bank and took to their heels."

"You though I was in the boat, eh?"

"Yes. The footbridge is being repaired, and a coil of rope lay near it. I knew it wouldn't do to run upstream in the attempt to halt that skiff, and we were lucky enough to find a boat just above the falls—one that the workmen on the footbridge had been using. So we tied the rope to the boat, secured one end to a tree, and I paddled out and managed to head off the skiff. You know the rest."

"This way," said Nick, starting off at a run; "we have no time to lose."

It was not a great distance to the boarding house, and Chick was placed on guard at the rear while Nick and Patsy advanced from the front.

An emphatic knock brought the same frowsy-looking man to the door. He had a bruised eye, and was wiping it with a handkerchief saturated with camphor. That he had had a hand in the trouble in Perkins' room there was no doubt. Furthermore, he showed considerable trepidation at sight of the detective.

"Where's that man who came here with me a little while ago?" Nick demanded.

"Heaven knows, I don't," groaned the man.

"Careful!" warned Nick. "I'm an officer of the law——"

"An officer!" gasped the man.

"Yes, and if you are harboring those two scoundrels you'll have a chance to render an account of yourself in court."

"I tell you," he persisted, "I don't know anything about the man who came with you. Singer has been boarding here since a week ago last Tuesday, and he acted square enough until he tried to burn my house down a little while ago. That's straight."

"Watch him, Patsy," said Nick, and caught the lamp out of the man's hand and raced upstairs.

The room which Perkins had occupied showed evidences of the struggle which had taken place there. But neither Perkins nor Kyle was in the chamber.

There was a closet, and Nick looked into that, still without finding any traces of the two men. Next he searched every room on that floor, routing out the occupants of some of the rooms in order to do so. But still he had no success.

The house was only two stories in height, and Nick carried his search even to the attic. Kyle and Perkins, however, were nowhere in evidence, and Nick returned to the room which had been used by Perkins.

He examined it thoroughly. On a table in one corner were writing materials and a half-written letter. Evidently Perkins had been engaged in writing the letter at the time the proprietor of the boarding house had announced the presence of Kyle and Nick.

It ran as follows:

"Abe Knotley, General Delivery, Chicago: I know nothing about you, have never even seen you, in fact, and if you want us to take you on you'll have to make good. If you really mean business, it will be easy for you to do this. I will be in Chicago Saturday night, and if you will come to Hallisy's and ask for James Fox, you'll be given an opportunity to——"

That was all there was to the letter, and Nick smiled grimly as he folded it up and put it in his pocket. If he

needed any proof of the fact that Perkins had meditated flight the moment after he and Kyle had worked out their murderous designs it was to be found in the preparations which the fellow had made for leaving. There were no clothes in the closet, and not a sign of anything, apart from the half-written letter, to show that Perkins had occupied the room.

At last Nick went downstairs, and, leaving Patsy on guard at the front door, he took the proprietor in hand, and searched the first floor and the basement. But the search amounted to nothing. Neither Perkins nor Kyle was in the house.

"What do you know about those two men?" Nick demanded sharply, when he and the proprietor had returned to the hall.

"Not a thing," asserted the proprietor.

"You took part in that fight upstairs?"

"When Singer threw the lamp down, and tried to burn my house, I jumped at him in the dark and was knocked over. I didn't know a thing for some time."

"And when you came to yourself," finished Nick dryly, "the other two men had taken me off."

"That's it, so help me!"

"You're a consummate liar," said Nick quietly, "and if you don't carry yourself pretty straight from now on you'll have a chance to do time in the penitentiary."

"Do you mean——"

"My meaning is plain enough. Did those two men come back here after taking me away with them?"

"N-no," mumbled the man, brushing his sleeve across his forehead.

Nick turned on his heel and went out. Patsy followed, and a whistle brought Chick around from the rear.

"What luck?" queried Chick, as they started for the street-car line.

"None. They've skipped."

"Didn't they leave anything behind?"

"A decoy letter. Read it."

They halted under a street lamp, and Chick and Patsy read the unfinished letter.

"Whew!" muttered Chick. "If it's a decoy, who did they expect to get hold of this? Not you, certainly, Nick."

"They're clever rogues. This letter was left there in case anything went wrong with their schemes against me. Still, if we develop nothing further, I think we shall be in Chicago Saturday night. If they discover that I'm still alive, they will want another try at me. I shall see that they get it."

"But who in thunder is this man Kyle?"

Nick laughed softly.

"I've got an idea," he answered. "Another thing I want to go to Chicago for is to have a little talk with the chief of the Chicago police."

Several hours of night work followed.

With the aid of the Paterson police department the detectives made a search of the various dives of the town without locating either Kyle or Perkins.

By noon the following day the detectives were back in New York.

At nine o'clock that night a telegram came for Nick.

It ran as follows:

"Beware of a bogus detective with a letter from Chicago chief purporting to introduce me. Letter a forgery.

"MILTON KYLE."

This message was dated at Chicago.

"The real Kyle is a trifle late in sending his warning," commented Chick.

"There's no such man as Kyle, real or bogus, and I'll bet on it," said Nick.

"You think not?"

"If Perkins and Kyle had gone to Chicago last night, they'd be there in time to send that message."

Chick gave a jump.

"You think the fellow that lured you into that trap has discovered that the trap failed to work?"

"Yes."

"And he's getting ready to spring another?"

"Undoubtedly. That message will help to draw us West, providing the unfinished letter, ostensibly left by Perkins, fails."

"The next move is Chicago?"

"Yes; early-morning train. You'll go with me, Chick. Patsy is to remain here. We'll play right into Kyle's hands. It's the only way to land him and Perkins."

CHAPTER VII.

HALLISY'S.

Hallisy's place was a notorious resort on South Clark Street, Chicago.

Saturday night was usually a profitable night for "Sping" Hallisy, and on the Saturday night following the work of the detectives in Paterson the place was full of patrons and the air was redolent of cheap beer and tobacco. The tables scattered over the sanded floor were filled, an Italian harpist and violinist were discoursing music far too good for the dive, and unshaved waiters in dirty aprons were running to and fro with reeking salvers.

A burly tough shoved into the place, blinked around him through the fog of smoke, and then pushed up to the bar.

"Gi'me a beer, boss," said the tough, with a leer at one of the barkeepers.

The beer was forthcoming, and a nickel changed hands.

The ill-savored stuff seemed too much for the roughly dressed man, and he stealthily emptied the glass beneath the bar.

"Don't remember seein' youse around here," remarked the barkeeper, scraping the foam off a trayful of glasses.

"Been on long?" asked the tough.

"Goin' on a year."

"Well, I be'n doin' two years an'——"

Just then an undersized specimen of an all-around crook shoved up to the bar.

"W'isper," he said to the barkeeper.

"Say out wot's on yer mind," answered the barkeeper; "I don't whisper with the likes of you."

"I'm lookin' fer James Fox——"

"Y'are, hey? Well, he ain't got in yet."

"Be in soon?"

"Take a seat if youse can find one, an' I'll send a waiter to youse w'en he comes."

As the crook turned away the tough spoke:

"Dat's me, too."

"You lookin' fer Jim Fox?"

"Wid bot' peeps."

The undersized crook turned and gave the tough a keen look.

The tough jerked his head backward toward the street door and went out, the crook following.

"Wot's yer graft, cull?" asked the tough when they had struck the sidewalk.

"What's yours?" was the sharp retort.

"I might spot ye one if ye happened ter be Abe Knotley."

"That's me, all right."

"An' ye want Fox Perkins?"

"Sure."

"Got anythin' t' prove ye're on the level?"

"Here's this."

He handed out a letter which the tough opened and read, word for word, a letter like the one left in the Paterson boarding house when Perkins and Kyle made their escape.

Only a few words were added, and these read:

"You'll be given an opportunity to show what you're made of. If you pan out the right kind of stuff, can fix you for a good lay."

"Bully!" exclaimed the tough. "I'm Levee Luke, an' was sent t' Hallisy's t' connect wit' you."

"Where's Fox?"

"I'll take ye to him an'——"

"Move on, you plugs!" came a sharp voice, and a policeman's club punched viciously into the ribs of the crook and the tough.

"Aw," grunted the tough angrily; "don't git gay. A club an' a blue suit ain't de hull t'ing."

"None of your lip, or I'll pinch you," said the policeman. "Move!"

"I'll move me dukes," retorted the tough insolently, "an' w'en I do dere'll be one copper to de bad."

With an exclamation, the officer caught the tough by the arm and jerked him along the street toward a patrol box.

Abe Knotley stood looking after them, and, when they had got out of earshot, the tough changed his tactics.

"Easy, officer. I'm a detective, and I want you to let me get away while you arrest the other man and keep him locked up all night."

"Who are you?" demanded the officer, surprised at the tough's abrupt change of tone.

"Chick Carter——"

"What?"

"Here!" Chick showed his badge.

"All right, all right," said the officer. "What's the other fellow done?"

"I'll be responsible for the arrest. I want the man out of the way for to-night. Nick Carter will call at headquarters and explain in the morning."

"I know the other fellow, and he's a bad un. When do you want to make a get-away?"

"Right here!"

Chick gave the officer a push and sprang off down a dark side street. The policeman followed him a few paces, then whirled and went running back toward Abe Knotley.

Knotley, when too late, tried to take to his heels. A stern order to stop halted him, and, expostulating and trying to beg off, he was led to the patrol box. Ten minutes later he was taking a ride in "the wagon," a very much surprised and bewildered crook.

Chick went back to Hallisy's.

When he got inside of Hallisy's place, Chick made his way to the bar.

"Push me out anudder o' dem good t'ings," he said to the barkeeper, who had waited on him before.

The good thing was pushed, and as the barkeeper took the money he leaned over the bar.

"Fox is here," said he, in a low tone.

"Bully!" returned Chick.

"Where's the odder cove?"

"Couldn't wait, he said."

"I'll have one of the waiters show you where Fox is."

The barkeeper turned away and motioned to a waiter. As he did so, the tough turned his second glass of beer under the bar, and again wiped his lips with the red handkerchief.

The waiter came, held a whispered colloquy with the barkeeper, and then motioned to Chick, who followed him back to the wine rooms.

The waiter knocked on a door, the door was cautiously opened, and more whispering followed. Then the waiter stepped back and motioned Chick into the room. Chick entered, closing the door behind him.

"Lock it!" came a sharp command.

Chick turned the key in the lock, and, facing about, the detective saw a man, the only man besides himself who was in the room.

"Name?" muttered the man, his shrewd eyes on Chick's face.

"Are you Fox, first off?" Chick queried.

"If I wasn't Fox you wouldn't be here."

"My name is Abe Knotley."

"I was expecting you, Knotley."

Perkins put out his right hand.

As Chick shook the hand he felt that parts of two of the fingers were missing.

"Wot's de chance for a handy boy wid your push?"

"It depends altogether upon the handy boy."

"I'm hot stuff, all right," said Chick.

"The man that told Keno about you said you could be depended on at any stage of the game."

"Would you rap a man on the head and drop him into the water?"

"T' make me solid wid youse?"

"Yes."

"Dat's puttin' it to me purty tough, right at de beginnin'. Can't I crack a safe, or do sometˈing like dat?"

"No," said Perkins sharply; "it's the killing job or nothing. There will be something in it aside from your making yourself solid with us."

"How much?"

"Five hundred."

Perkins took a thick roll from his pocket and peeled off a five-hundred-dollar bill.

Chick gave a whistle, took the bill in his hands, and examined it.

It was a brand-new bank note, issued by the Manhattan and Union Bank, New York.

"What do you think of it?" queried Perkins.

"It's good, all right."

Chick started to put the money in his pocket, but the other caught it out of his hands.

"Not yet, my buck," said he.

"Don't I git dat shinplaster now?"

"When you do the work—not before."

"Who's de cove I'm t' rap on de head an' drop int' de water?"

"Ever hear of a man named Carter, Nick Carter?"

"Well, I should say!" exclaimed Chick, rubbing his hands. "He's de one?"

"Yes."

"Den it's me fer de job, all right."

"Glad of that. We'll have a drink over it, and then we'll set out."

"When's the deal t' be pulled off?"

"Some time to-night."

Chick and Perkins had seated themselves at a table in the room. The latter now pressed a button and got up and unlocked the door.

When the waiter came Perkins thrust his head outside and spoke a few words—more words than were needed for the simple ordering of a couple of drinks. Chick observed this, and his suspicions were aroused.

Presently the waiter returned, and Perkins took the two glasses from the tray. The glasses contained beer, and Perkins pushed the door shut with his foot and brought the glasses to the table and placed one in front of Chick. Then he sank down in the opposite chair.

"Here's luck," said Perkins, and lifted his glass.

"Lookin' at ye," returned Chick.

Perkins drained his glass at a draft.

Chick, however, took a small swallow and started suddenly in his seat.

"Youse didn't lock de door, cull," said he.

"That's so."

Perkins got up and locked the door.

While he was doing this Chick, with a deft move, turned the contents of his glass into a cuspidor under the table, and when Perkins turned around the empty glass was at Chick's lips, he having, to all appearances, swallowed the beer.

The first taste Chick had of the liquor convinced him that it was drugged, and it flashed over the detective at once that he was being "worked."

Nick Carter was right, as usual. The letter found in the Paterson boarding house was a decoy, and the Chicago end of the game had been cunningly played. The supposed Abe Knotley was one of the gang. Chick had been spotted, and, when Knotley asked the barkeeper for Fox, it was simply to pull the wool over the detective's eyes. The game had succeeded, and Chick had been fooled.

All this that one taste of drugged beer had revealed to the detective's alert mind. But if Perkins had fooled him Chick had a sudden thought that he could fool Perkins in return. So he had turned out the liquor into the cuspidor, and had yet given Perkins the impression that he had drunk it.

"Dat's bully stuff!" exclaimed Chick, wiping his lips once more on the same red handkerchief. "How about havin' anudder?"

"One's enough," answered Perkins, with an ironical grin. "You must keep your nerves steady, you know, for the work in hand."

Chick yawned heavily.

"The deuce, but I'm sleepy!" exclaimed Chick. "Now, wot in Sam Hill is makin' me feel so queer all t' once?"

"You've been drinking too much."

"By thunder!" Chick cried, starting up unsteadily. "Youse ain't on de square wit' me!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Perkins, also rising.

"You have been feeding me knock-out drops!" cried Chick, throwing off all pretense at disguise.

He started for the door, staggering as he went, but Perkins sprang in front of him and hurled him back onto the chair.

"Right you are, my gay New York sleuth!" exclaimed Perkins. "When you steer yourself up against Keno McCall and Foxy Perkins you want to look out for breakers."

Again Chick tried to rise. He made a seemingly heroic attempt, but couldn't make it. He tried to talk, too, but only an incoherent jumble of words came from his lips. Suddenly he sprawled out over the top of the table, face downward, and became quiet and still.

"Tally again for us," muttered Perkins. "This isn't Nick Carter, but it's his right bower. And he's as good as done for."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE "HETTY B.," OF BUFFALO.

Chick heard Perkins press the button and walk to the door.

"A taxi at the rear entrance," said he, in a low tone to the waiter.

"All right, sir."

"Mind you get a chauffeur I can depend on."

The waiter went away and the door closed.

Coming back to the table, Perkins proceeded to search the detective. But he found nothing except a revolver, Chick having taken good care to strip himself before setting out on his dangerous mission.

The handful of silver in the detective's pocket Perkins left there, although he was careful to appropriate the revolver.

By the time he was through with his search, the waiter came to announce that the taxi was ready.

With the aid of the waiter, Perkins managed to convey the detective out the rear way and place him in the waiting vehicle. Perkins then gave the waiter a generous tip and held a brief conversation with the chauffeur.

Chick had the number of the taxi, catching it easily as he was bundled inside.

"The *Hetty B.*, eh?" the detective heard the chauffeur mutter. "She's up in Dobbins' Slip?"

"Yes."

"I'll get you there."

Perkins got inside, closed the door, and the taxi started at a rapid clip.

In half an hour they came to a halt, and Perkins got out and carried on another whispered conversation with the chauffeur.

Chick took advantage of the fact to lift his head and look out through the open door.

They were halted on the dock that bordered a "slip," or offshoot from the Chicago River.

A schooner lay alongside the dock.

In a few moments Perkins whistled, and a man jumped down from the schooner and came toward the carriage through the semidarkness.

"Is that you, Keno?" inquired a gruff voice.

"No; it's Perkins."

"Keno was due here about this time," muttered the other.

"He'll be along, all right."

"What's wanted, Splinters?"

"Bear a hand. A friend of mine got knocked out with redeye at Hallisy's. As he happens to be one of your crew, I brought him here."

The man from the boat chuckled grimly, and it was plain to Chick that Perkins' remark was intended solely for the chauffeur. The waiter had said he could be depended on, but Perkins was not going to trust him too far.

The detective was dragged out of the taxi and tumbled aboard the boat. A few minutes later he was in a bunk in the cabin of the *Hetty B.*, and the taxi had gone.

"You're a sly devil," said the man who belonged with the schooner.

"Sly enough, I guess," responded Perkins, "but I can't hold a candle to the boss."

"You've got your nerve to come back to Chicago after that killin' job."

"I don't know; but I'll tell you this: It's the man who takes the chances that wins out."

"Sometimes."

"Always. Are any of your men aboard?"

"No; it wouldn't be safe fer you and Keno to be here if any of the men were around."

"When do you load?"

"We don't load. We go out light."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"That means that we've got to finish our work here to-night?"

"That's what it means."

"Then, I suppose, we can go to Buffalo with you?"

"Not on your life! Keno's my brother, and I reckon I could take him, easy enough, but I'm not helpin' you any."

"I don't ask your help," grunted Perkins. "I can take care of myself."

"Glad to hear it! If Keno would——"

The door opened, just then, and a one-armed man came in.

"Why, there he is, now!" exclaimed the skipper.

"Kyle!" exclaimed Perkins.

"That's the ticket," said the newcomer. "Did any one show up at Hallisy's, Splinters?"

"You bet!"

"It couldn't have been Carter, for I've got him landed, and all but strung."

"It was one of Carter's assistants."

"Where is he?"

"There."

Perkins pointed to the bunk in which Chick was lying, and Kyle hurried over and looked at him as he lay, to all appearances, unconscious.

"This must be Chickering Carter," muttered Kyle.

"You know the outfit, I suppose?"

"I made it my business to learn their faces. Yes, this is Chick Carter, beyond a doubt."

"I knew he must be connected with Carter, in some way."

"What's the matter with him? Drops?"

"Yes; I gave him a double dose."

"He walked right into the trap?"

"He came dead easy."

"Where's Knotley?"

"In the police station by now."

"How's that?"

"He asked for Fox, and this detective overheard him. I was handy by, and got next to the whole business.

"After he had asked for Fox, the detective said he was also looking for Fox, and then the fun began.

"That fellow beckoned to Knotley, and the two went out in front. I trailed after and watched. There was a little byplay with a policeman, and it ended in the sleuth making himself known, and taking leg bail while Knotley was run in.

"I slipped back to the wine room, and the detective blew in, after a little, and said he was Knotley.

"I believed him, of course, and made a deal with him to do up Nick Carter for five hundred. He agreed, and we took a drink on it. That's when he got the drops. Oh, he came easy, as I said before. He'll wake up some time in the morning."

"No, he won't. He'll not wake up at all."

"When do you want him attended to?"

"Not until I get here with Carter."

"You're going to bring him here?"

"Yes, at ten o'clock. I've got an appointment with him at a place on Milwaukee Avenue."

"How did you get on with him?"

"He's as easy as his assistant," Kyle chuckled. "Oh, they're a great pair! I can give them cards, spades, and little cassino at this sort of work and beat them hands down."

Kyle turned to the skipper.

"Have you put that satchel in a safe place, Bill?" he asked.

"It's in here, Len."

The skipper drubbed his knuckles against a panel in the wall of the cabin.

"Good! I shall go to Buffalo with you."

Kyle started for the door.

"After Carter?"

"That's the line I'm working on. Watch your man."

Thereupon Kyle took his departure, the skipper following him out of the cabin.

Perkins took a paper from his pocket and turned up the lamp that swung from the roof of the cabin. Then he settled himself back in a chair to read. Chick's revolver was in his hip pocket, and it seemed to make him uncomfortable, so he pulled out the weapon and laid it on the table.

The minutes slipped by, and now and again Perkins would draw out a watch and look at it nervously.

"Ten o'clock," he muttered at last, "and the old man not here yet. Can it be that he's run afoul of trouble? It's strange that Carter should play into our hands so easy, and, if he has a countermove to make——"

At that precise juncture loud voices came from the deck above.

Perkins dropped his paper and sprang to his feet.

The voices were followed by a scuffle, a muttered oath, and then a loud splash.

Perkins burst out of the cabin and ran like a deer up the companionway.

In a flash Chick was out of the bunk and had snatched his revolver from the table.

"Right here comes the countermove," he thought, and bolted through the door.

CHAPTER IX.

A HAYSEED IN TROUBLE.

"S-a-y, Mr. Officer, is this here police headquarters?"

It was Saturday forenoon, when a man with his hat on the back of his head and his trousers tucked in his boot

tops blew into the police department in the city hall, Chicago.

He carried an old carpetbag, his face was red and perspiring, and his breath came in snatches, as though he had come in a hurry.

The desk sergeant winked at one of the policemen.

"This is police headquarters, all right," said the desk sergeant.

"Waal, I want tew see the boss, by jinks!"

"What's the trouble? Been buying a gold brick?"

"Gold brick! Shucks! Can't ketch me on no such game as that—I'm too cunnin'."

"Then what do you want?"

"I tell yeou I want tew see the boss, the feller at the head of the shebang."

"He's pretty busy——"

"Don't keer a durn! He's got tew see me."

An officer went to the door of an office and thrust in his head. Presently he came back.

"If you've got a complaint to make," said the officer, "the chief says to make it to the sergeant."

"Oh, gosh! Yeou fellers make me tired!"

Thereupon the farmer pushed through the gate, dodged an officer, who tried to head him off, and got into the chief's office in spite of them.

"Yeou the chief?" inquired the farmer.

"Yes; but I sent word for you to——"

The chief had whirled around in his office chair as he spoke. But the farmer did not give him a chance to finish.

"I know what yeou said," the farmer broke in, "but yeou're the feller I got tew talk with."

The chief smiled a little, and motioned away the policeman who had followed the hayseed in with the intention of taking him out by force.

"Well, what's the matter?" the chief asked, when the door closed. "Been bunkoed?"

"Not by a couple o' bushels. Had a real-estate deal an' want yeou tew help me git my deed."

"What kind of a deal?"

"Bought the Masonic Temple, by jinks! Feller offered it tew me fer twelve hundred dollars. Reckon I don't know a bargain when I see one? That's where yeou're fooled. I give the feller four hundred on account, an' he said he'd bring me a deed and a mortgage tew sign. He never come back, an' I want yeou tew help me find him."

The chief laughed.

"Twelve hundred wouldn't pay for the plaster in the Masonic Temple," said he. "You've been duped."

"Then find the feller that duped me."

"What did he call himself?"

"Keno McCall."

"What!"

The chief sprang forward in his chair.

The farmer laughed a little.

"Forgotten me, chief?" he asked, extending his hand. "Nick Carter, New York."

"Well, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the chief, after giving the celebrated detective a hearty welcome. "What do you mean by talking about Keno McCall? There's no such man as Keno McCall."

"What makes you think so?"

"Whenever a peculiarly daring and clever piece of work is pulled off, the cry goes up that McCall is at the bottom of it. But I have yet to find that any reliable officer has ever seen McCall, and I don't believe the fellow exists."

"There you are wrong, chief."

"You think so?"

"I know it. McCall is in Chicago now, or else I am badly fooled."

"No, no! The last crime laid at his door is a killing job on the South Side. If there is such a man as McCall he'll give this town a wide berth for some time to come."

"Well, we'll see. Do you know a detective by the name of Milton Kyle?"

"No. If there is such a detective he must be an agency man, and a new one."

"If I phone you for a couple of plain-clothes men will you have them ready to respond to a hurry-up request?"

"Certainly."

"That's all, then."

Nick got up to leave.

"By the way," he added, turning back from the door, "do you also think Foxy Perkins is a myth?"

"No; he's done time, and we have his picture."

"Has he been spotted in Chicago lately?"

"Not lately. He is supposed to have helped McCall in that South Side work."

"What do you think about him?"

"I'll tell you what I think: It's my belief that 'Keno McCall' is an alias of Perkins'."

Nick smiled incredulously.

"Why do you think that, chief?"

"Because Perkins and McCall are supposed to work together. Whenever Perkins pulls off a graft Keno McCall is said to be mixed up with it."

"They work together?"

"That's the supposition; but I have an opinion that Perkins is the whole thing."

"Time will tell," said Nick, "and a very short time, at that."

Nick then left.

While strolling leisurely along, after the manner of a countryman in town, he became suddenly aware that he was being followed. He made no attempt to dodge the shadow, but pushed on slowly back to the second-class hotel where he was staying. Leaving his grip with the clerk, he took a "stogy" cigar from his pocket and seated himself in the office.

"Now, then," he thought, "we'll let something happen. If this fellow, Kyle, is in town, he will be expecting me, and it's ten to one that I'm spotted. He's clever enough for that. If he isn't, he's certainly not the man I want."

It was afternoon before anything happened, and, meantime, Chick had been given his orders in respect to Hallisy's and had left.

Nick was sitting in the office, as he had been for several hours, when a one-armed man suddenly approached and stood before him.

"Pardon me, neighbor," said the man, "but I'm looking for a friend who answers your description. Will you tell me your name?"

"Jes' as soon tell you my name as not, but I give it tew yeou flat that I'm too sharp tew be bunkoed."

"I'm not a bunko man, sir," said the other shortly.

"Yeou don't look like it, fer a fact," returned Nick, gazing at the one-armed man out of his partly closed eyes. "They call me Hiram Backus when I'm tew hum."

"Then you're the friend I'm looking for."

"Gee-whittaker, yeou don't say so! I don't remember ever seein' yeou afore."

"You can't remember something that's never happened."

The one-armed man bent down and whispered:

"I'm Kyle, the real Milton Kyle, and you're Nick Carter."

Nick flashed a sharp glance at the one-armed man.

"You don't look anything like the Milton Kyle I met in New York," said he.

But the fellow did, nevertheless. His make-up was entirely different, and he might have passed muster for a different individual with anybody except Nick Carter. But the detective knew him.

"The Kyle you met was bogus," said the one-armed man.

"So I understand from your telegram. How did you happen to know I was in town?"

"I felt sure my telegram would bring you."

It wasn't the telegram so much as the unfinished letter in Perkins' room in the Paterson boarding house, on which Kyle had placed his hopes of luring Nick to Chicago. The great detective knew that.

"But how did you find me out?" asked Nick.

"One detective usually knows another," was the indefinite response.

"But you never saw me before——"

"No, but one of my men, who does know you, spotted you as you came out of the chief's office, and trailed you here. He brought word to me."

"Ah! Who was the man?"

"Knotley is his name."

This might have been a slip on Kyle's part, or merely a feeler, to discover whether Nick had really been drawn to Chicago by that Paterson letter.

But Nick gave no sign.

"The name is new to me," said he.

"I suppose a good many people know you that you don't know anything about."

"I suppose so."

"Is there a place where we can go for a private talk?"

"My room is as good a place as any."

"Let's go up there, then."

They went, and were soon seated and ready for their private talk.

"Well?" said Nick.

"Are you still after Keno McCall?"

"I'm not hunting shadows," returned Nick.

"Shadows?"

"McCall, I understand, is a myth. My time is too valuable for me to be running around looking for myths."

"What makes you think McCall is a myth?"

"I take my cue from the police."

"For once the police are correct. I had long ago settled that fact to my own satisfaction. McCall, anyhow, wouldn't be hanging around Chicago. It is claimed that he did a killing job on the South Side."

"Did he?"

"So it's said. But Foxy Perkins is no myth."

"I don't know. This is a mighty baffling case, all around."

"What is your case?"

Nick knew he was being "pumped," but he was entirely willing.

"A Long Island case. Paying teller disappeared, was found hanging by his neck in a hut on the island, and thirty thousand dollars he had taken with him was gone."

"Gone?"

"Don't you read the papers?"

"I've been pretty busy for the last week or two," returned Kyle, in a hasty tone.

"Well, in place of the money, three dummy packages were left, and on the wrapper of one of the packages was the print of a greasy hand."

"I see."

"A right hand, with parts of two fingers missing."

"A great clew!"

"Great enough to implicate Foxy Perkins."

"How did that greasy hand print get on the wrapper?"

"It was placed there, of course, by the fellow who made up the dummy packages."

"Naturally; but it seems to me Perkins would be too sharp to have anything of that kind happen."

"There never was a criminal who didn't leave some sort of a clew."

"That's right."

"Perkins was working in a silk mill at Paterson, New Jersey—working as assistant engineer. He might have made up the dummy packages while on duty, or at home before he washed the grease from his hands."

"Very foolish of him, if he did."

"Who was that who forged that letter from the Chicago chief and called on me, representing himself as you?"

"I've been trying to find out."

"How did you know he had gone to New York, intending to call on me?"

"Surmised it. I heard of that letter in Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, and surmised that the fellow was working toward New York. Hence I wired you as a precaution."

"That was kind of you."

"Did you have any trouble with the villain?"

"Not much."

Kyle was certainly not clever in his explanations, for they were of the kind that didn't explain. Still Nick pretended to be satisfied.

"I've got a surprise for you, Carter," said Kyle.

"What is it?"

"I know right where to go to get my hands on Perkins. So I can take my oath he's not a myth, whether McCall is or not."

"Why don't you go and take him in, if you know where he is?" Nick answered skeptically.

"I was sort of waiting for you."

"Waiting for me?"

"I was sure you'd come on. If there is such a man as McCall, I believed that you and I together might locate him. But if we did locate him, it would have to be through Perkins."

"That's right."

"Not only that, but if there is any detective in the country who can jug McCall I felt that it would be you."

"Much obliged."

"Oh, that's all right. I know very well I ain't in it with you."

"I called at police headquarters, and asked about you," said Nick, after a pause.

"What did they say there?"

"Said they didn't know you."

"It's hardly to be expected they should. I'm from St.

Louis, and only came on here a few weeks ago. Running an agency of my own, you know."

"I understand. Suppose we go out and get Perkins? He's a slippery rascal, I take it."

"Can't get him before to-night, for he's not at the place where I spotted him during the day."

"What time will he be there?"

"We can look for him any time after nine."

"Will you call here for me?"

"We'd better meet at some point nearer Perkins' hangout. Do you know where Catterson's place is, on Milwaukee Avenue?"

"I can find it."

"Meet me there at ten o'clock this evening, and be sure and come armed. We'll have trouble, sure."

"You can look for me, Mr. Kyle."

"Then good-by till to-night."

Kyle went away and left Nick in the room. The great detective was astounded. Kyle's very recklessness was something Nick could not explain.

"He's forgetting his cleverness," thought Nick. "Does he take me for a fool that I'll swallow that talk of his? But the best crook in the business will overreach himself if he is only given enough rope. I guess I've given Kyle plenty."

Along toward evening Nick phoned the chief and asked him to send the two plain-clothes men to Catterson's, at nine o'clock. The men were to look out for the farmer, trail him wherever he went, and be at all times ready for business.

It was nine-thirty when Nick reached the meeting place himself, and, although he was half an hour ahead of time, Kyle showed up a few minutes after he arrived.

"All ready for the finish?" queried Kyle.

There was a double significance to the remark that did not escape Nick.

"All ready," he answered.

They walked to Dobbins' Slip and crept up cautiously on the schooner.

"Our man is in the cabin of that boat," whispered Kyle.

"Good!" exclaimed Nick; "we can take him by surprise."

"That's what I thought it would be best to do. Follow me and come easy."

Like a cat Kyle crawled up the schooner's side and got over the bulwarks onto the deck. The fact that he had only one hand did not appear to bother him much.

Nick crawled along behind, carefully removing a set of handcuffs from his pocket, and snapping one cuff around his left wrist.

Suddenly Kyle turned, as he got opposite the cabin, and beckoned.

Nick crawled alongside of him.

"Look in there," whispered Kyle, "and you can see our man."

Nick looked through a narrow window that was flush with the deck. Perkins was sitting in a chair, reading, his maimed hand in plain evidence.

To Nick's surprise, Chick was lying in one of the bunks, unsecured in any way.

Was he a prisoner, or what was the matter with him?

"Recognize him?" queried Kyle.

For answer, Nick snapped the dangling cuff around Kyle's right hand.

"This farce has been played long enough!" exclaimed Nick; "Kyle, you're my prisoner."

An oath leaped from Kyle's lips, his coat flew back, and his other hand and arm showed themselves.

"You weren't the dummy I took you for!" he muttered. "But you haven't got me yet, curse you!"

He drew a revolver with his left hand, but Nick knocked it out of his fingers. Then followed a furious struggle. Kyle displaying a wonderful amount of strength. They staggered to the bulwarks, and Nick all but had his man throttled when the prisoner threw himself backward into the river, dragging the detective with him.

CHAPTER X.

KENO M'CALL.

Skipper Bill, from a position forward, had not observed Nick or Kyle when they crept aboard the schooner. The instant the row began, however, he sprang aft to take a hand in the difficulty, but was caught and jerked back by one of the fly cops.

The two plain-clothes men had taken the sounds of the struggle as a signal for them to board, and they did it with a hustle.

Perkins came dashing up from the cabin.

"Halt!" cried the second officer, getting in Perkins' way.

Perkins reached out with his maimed right fist, and the officer went down like a log.

A moment later Chick had appeared on the scene, and his clubbed revolver stretched Perkins out beside the officer, who was just rising.

"Get the cuffs on him—quick!" commanded Chick.

"Who are you?" asked the officer, in a bewildered tone.

"One of Nick Carter's men! That fellow is Foxy Perkins—don't let him give you the slip."

The officer came to his senses in a flash and snapped a pair of bracelets about the wrists of the unconscious Perkins.

"I thought a pile driver had struck me," muttered the officer, rubbing his head.

But Chick did not stop to listen. There was a tremendous splashing in the river, at the schooner's side, and he grabbed up a coil of rope and heaved it over.

"Are you down there, Nick?" Chick called.

"Yes," came the spluttering answer. "I've got the rope. Haul away!"

The other officer had come up with the skipper, and the latter was made to lay hold of the rope and help Chick and the officer.

It was a hard pull for the three of them, and it was not until they saw Nick, hanging to Kyle with his left hand and holding to the rope with the other, that they understood the nature of the weight they had been obliged to lift.

Kyle was unconscious, and Nick knelt beside him on the deck.

"He struck his head against the side of the boat," explained Nick, "and if he hadn't been ironed to me he would have gone under and been drowned. It was all I could do to keep afloat with him."

"Why did you handcuff yourself to him?" inquired one of the fly cops.

"That was the only way I could make sure that he wouldn't give me the slip. Take the key out of my vest

pocket, Chick, and transfer the cuff that's on my wrist to Kyle's left hand."

The key had not been lost from Nick's pocket during the bath in the river, and Chick soon had his chief free and both cuffs on Kyle.

"Bring the prisoners down into the cabin," ordered Nick.

They were taken below, Perkins reviving as soon as he got there.

"What in the fiend's name——" Perkins began, his eyes on Chick. "Say," he added, "how does it come that you're able to be up and around?"

"I poured the drugged liquor under the table," Chick explained.

"You did!" gasped Perkins.

"That's what I did."

"And you were next to everything that was done, after that?"

"Of course."

"I can't believe it!" muttered Perkins.

"Then I'll convince you," said Chick.

Walking to the secret panel in the cabin, he pushed it aside and brought out a satchel.

Nick muttered an exclamation.

"How could I know this satchel was in there if I hadn't seen the skipper show Kyle where it was hid?"

"I'm beat!" growled Perkins. "I was playing you for a lame duck, and you had me dead to rights all the time."

"That satchel is a dead ringer for the one I found in the hut on Long Island," spoke up Nick.

"Then it must be the satchel the paying teller took out there with him?"

"Undoubtedly. See what's inside, Chick."

Chick opened the satchel and brought out two packets of money, both intact, and several loose bills.

"It's the bank's money," said Nick, "what is left of it."

"And who is that fellow there?" inquired one of the fly cops, pointing to the form of Kyle, who was still unconscious.

"Keno McCall," answered Nick.

"I had already made up my mind to that," said Chick.

* * * * * * *

The clever capture effected by Nick Carter and his assistant, exploded two favorite theories of the Chicago chief of police.

First, Nick proved that there was a Keno McCall; and, second, he proved that Foxy Perkins was not using Keno McCall's name as an alias.

Skipper Bill was one of the prisoners, and he explained that Keno McCall was his wayward brother, and that whenever the *Hetty B.* happened to be in Chicago at the same time McCall was there, the latter made use of the boat as a rendezvous.

The Chicago authorities had claims on Keno McCall and Perkins, but these were waived in Nick's favor, extradition papers were secured, and the two criminals were taken back to New York by Chick.

Skipper Bill was not taken along. He had told all he knew, and, apart from the fact that he had allowed his schooner to be used by his brother as a rendezvous, there appeared to be nothing against him.

The chauffeur who had conveyed Chick and Perkins from Hallisy's to Dobbins' Slip lost his license and was further prosecuted for the aid he had given Perkins.

The chief also proceeded rigorously against Hallisy, and the dive was ultimately closed, and only reopened after it had passed into other hands.

Abe Knotley, who was taken into custody at Chick's request, was found to be a well-known criminal, who had assumed the name of Knotley in order to help out McCall and Perkins in their designs against Nick and Chick. Nick knew the fellow quite well, and this accounted for Knotley's ability to shadow him from police headquarters to the hotel, and finally to send Kyle, or McCall, on his daring attempt to fool the New York sleuth and put him out of the way.

McCall was not badly hurt, and was able to go on to New York in a very few days.

The satchel, exactly like the one taken to Tedbury by the paying teller, contained twenty-five thousand dollars of the stolen funds.

At the trial, Perkins turned informer, and told the whole story of the robbery. The paying teller had been cast for the part of "stool pigeon." McCall discovered that he was a man who was easily led, and Perrin played into his hands in the endeavor to help his son, who had incurred many debts and was threatened with disgrace.

According to Perkins, Perrin was to furnish thirty thousand dollars in good money for the purpose of helping McCall swindle a ranchman out of twenty thousand dollars. There was no ranchman, of course, that part being played by Perkins. Perrin and McCall were to meet the supposed victim in the hut in the woods, the money was to be shown to him, his twenty thousand dollars taken, and dummy packages furnished in lieu of supposed counterfeits.

Perkins appeared, the two satchels were manipulated, and Perkins seemed suddenly to grow suspicious. McCall took him out of the cabin, ostensibly to talk with him, and the two never came back, but fled on the train back to New Jersey.

McCall discovered that Nick Carter had taken the case, and knew that there was only one way to make the little giant quit the trail—that was by talking the detective's life.

By playing into his hands, Nick was able to apprehend him and his pal, as stated.

Much of this story which had to do with the paying teller never came out, being suppressed by the bank officials, who were more than satisfied to recover twenty-five thousand dollars of the missing funds.

McCall was sent to the penitentiary for twenty years, and Perkins for half that time—the latter being spared because he had turned State's evidence.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. RODMAN DESIRES TO EASE HIS MIND.

Nick had stayed over in Chicago for a couple of days to transact some personal business which had required his attention in that city for some time. Having brought his business to a satisfactory conclusion, Nick was about to take a train for New York when he was accosted in the lobby of the hotel by a gentleman who introduced himself as Willis Rodman. Mr. Rodman told Nick that he had telephoned to the detective's house in New York and had learned of his presence in Chicago. He begged Nick to grant him an interview, and to this request the great detective gave a favorable reply.

"I do not want to make a scare or a scandal of this,

Mr. Carter," said Mr. Rodman, when they had seated themselves in a secluded alcove in the lobby. "The simple fact," Mr. Rodman continued, "is that my brother has died in a manner which involves an element of mystery."

"Tell me all you know about it, Mr. Rodman," replied the detective.

"My brother, Henry," said Rodman, "went out into the garden of our old homestead, in the town of Winston, Illinois, early last evening. Though a man of great wealth, he lived very simply. It was his delight to be in the open air, and to labor with his own hands in caring for our estate. There had been a violent wind in the early part of the week, and it had torn off many decaying limbs from the old trees in the garden. My brother had had the largest of these limbs removed, and he had burned most of the small branches and twigs in a fire which he had built during the day. This fire was burning when he went into the garden after supper.

"I was standing on the veranda in front of the house. The garden was in the rear. Suddenly I was startled by a cry. It was very faint. Yet I instantly felt anxiety for my brother, and hastened toward the garden, where I knew him to be.

"I thought he might have hurt himself, in which case he would naturally have run into the house, and so I hastened toward the rear door. Twenty paces from the fire I nearly fell upon the body of my brother, which lay face upward on the ground, and had been partially concealed by a little heap of leaves and boughs. Instantly I bent down and laid my hand over his heart. It was quite still. The body seemed as warm as in life.

"Shouting for help, I raised him and started to carry him into the house. My cry brought five persons to my assistance. One of them was Doctor Charles Kingsbury, who took my brother's body from my arms, and, after a hurried examination, pronounced him dead. At that moment there were present, besides Kingsbury and myself, Margaret Rodman, Marian Harding, William Gilbert, and Martha Coleman. The last named is a colored woman, a servant. The other persons I will describe later. Suffice it to say here that they all came from the house except Gilbert, who approached from the direction of the road which runs by the grounds on the west. This is important, because Gilbert believes that he saw a man hurrying away from the house.

"I am speaking somewhat wildly, for there is no evidence that my brother died of violence. Indeed, the manner of his death is a mystery. Doctor Kingsbury says—as nearly as I can understand him—that it was heart disease, due to some shock, the nature of which he does not understand."

"Did Doctor Kingsbury make a thorough examination of the body?" asked the detective.

"He did not. For reasons which I will hereafter explain, I deemed it my duty to request him to leave the house as soon as I was satisfied that he could do nothing for my brother."

"Did you see any wounds upon your brother's body?"

"None, except a slight burn on the inside of his hand. This, of course, was due to carelessness with his fire."

"What reason have you, then, for suspecting foul play?"

"Only this," said Rodman, "Charles Kingsbury said that my brother would die before he could change his will, and he did."

"What interest had Kingsbury in your brother's will?"

"He was in love with Margaret, whom I have already mentioned as being present immediately after Henry's death. She is his only child. The will was in her favor."

"Did she love Kingsbury?"

"Money was her first love," said Rodman, with a frown. "I don't like to say that, but it's true. There is no doubt that Margaret thought more of Kingsbury than of anybody else in the world. She loved him, after her fashion. She has kept him dangling for nearly eight years, waiting for my brother to die; for it was clearly understood that if she married Kingsbury she would be disinherited; and if she didn't, she would get almost every penny. Besides Margaret, there was no one who could expect to inherit anything except his late wife's nephew, William Gilbert, and Marian Harding, who is a friend of Margaret—a charming girl, entirely without means, who has made my brother's house her home for some years. As for myself, I have all the money I want.

"Marian would have been provided for in any case, but as to Gilbert, I have my doubts. If Margaret had been disinherited, Gilbert would probably have been the heir. He isn't a bad young fellow, but in worldly affairs he is a total failure.

"So there you have the household, Mr. Carter. As to Kingsbury, though I don't like him much, I'm bound to say that he has brains enough for ten."

"What was your brother's objection to him?" asked the detective.

"He believed that some of Kingsbury's scientific studies were wicked, and that the young man's religious opinions were lax. Yet he was an honest man, and I'd be sorry to believe any harm of him. But what he has done has been for science, not for money; he makes a good living, and no more. Margaret wouldn't be able to buy diamonds by the peck if she married him, and she knows it.

"As to any possible connection he may have had with my brother's death, here are the facts: He had come to the house one evening to talk about Margaret, though he was not on visiting terms. Margaret and Kingsbury made a concerted attack on my brother, in the course of which they threatened to get married without his consent, if he wouldn't give it.

"Henry was not to be persuaded. Margaret would cease to be his daughter, he said, if she united herself to Kingsbury, who was forbidden the house. This had happened to him more than a hundred times before.

"When they gave it up, Kingsbury pretended to go away, but really he secreted himself in the library, where Margaret soon joined him. I overheard their conference. Kingsbury pleaded with Margaret in a way that I am free to say ought to have won her.

"Instead, she talked about the money. Her father's will, she said, was in her favor. He would change it instantly if they were married.

"'Margaret,' said Kingsbury solemnly, 'your father will not live to change his will. I promise you that.'

"'Hush!' she said; 'you must never speak like that. Some one might hear you.'

"From that moment they spoke in whispers, and I did not catch a word. I could hear Kingsbury's guarded tone, a steady and monotonous murmur, broken only at rare intervals by a sound from her.

"They parted affectionately, and with some sort of promise on her part, but what it was I do not know.

"My brother's death occurred on the evening of the following day, in the manner already described to you."

"Has the will been read?"

"It is in his safe, which is locked, and nobody knows the combination. However, there is no doubt that it is in Margaret's favor."

"Hasn't any attempt been made to open the safe?"

"Not yet. It was bought here in Chicago. I came up to get some men from the safe company to open it. Will you return with me to Winston?"

"I will. My business in Chicago is concluded."

"Good! I am greatly pleased. I will now go to the office of the safe company, and in an hour I will meet you at the depot."

CHAPTER XII.

THE ROSE AND THE FLAME.

When Mr. Rodman reached the station, in accordance with his appointment, he was accosted by a young man.

"You will find Mr. Carter in Winston," said the young man.

"In Winston? Impossible! Why, there's no train——"

"He has taken an engine. When you arrive at your home, do not mention his presence. He left this message with me for you, and he also begged you to excuse him for going on ahead. He is of the opinion that haste is important."

The young man vanished in the crowd before Rodman could think of a question.

He was consumed with impatience on the ride to Winston. A colored servant, with a carriage, met him at the station. Rodman dared not question the servant, for fear of violating Nick's instructions, yet he was extremely impatient to learn what the detective had been doing.

"Dar's be'n a strange man 'roun' de house, sah, sence you be'n gone," said the darky.

"Is that so?" cried Rodman. "What has he been doing?"

"Askin' mo' questions dan we-all could answer. He's got Aunt Chloe scared mos' to deff."

"Where is he now?"

"Up dar, I s'pose. He was dar when I lef'."

Rodman said nothing more. When they drove up to the house, the darky whispered:

"Dar he is, now, sah."

Rodman caught a glimpse of a man who appeared at a corner of the house for a moment, and speedily dodged out of sight. He was visible long enough for Rodman to be positively certain that he was not Nick Carter. The man was over six feet tall, and as lean as a run-down shad. The apparition of this mysterious stranger added greatly to Rodman's alarm. He feared a reporter or police official from Elgin, but the former far worse than the latter. He made some search for the tall man, but failed to find him. Then he entered the house, and went straight to the room where his brother's body lay.

The coroner and an assistant were in the room. The former was known to Rodman, who immediately addressed him.

"Will an inquest be necessary?" he anxiously asked.

"I'm afraid so," was the reply. "I have not been able to discern the cause of death. The physician who is assisting me——"

He turned as he spoke to where the person referred to had been standing, but he had vanished.

"What of him?" asked Rodman.

The coroner made an evasive answer, and just then a servant informed Rodman that his presence was desired in the parlor.

There he found the tall man, who, with a face which struggled to be solemn, but in reality beamed with satisfaction, plunged at once into his theme.

"I'm a private detective, from Elgin," he said. "This case attracted my attention. It struck me that there might be a reward in it, so I came down. I suppose you'd like to know who killed your brother?"

"I do not believe that anybody killed him."

"There's where you're wrong, as I'll soon show you. I've learned all about the family affairs.

"A will in that safe leaves all his money to your niece. Doctor Kingsbury is in love with her. Marriage with him would have cost her all that wealth.

"Very well; there's a motive for both of them, for they want to get married. And I've learned that Kingsbury said that Henry Rodman would die inside of three days."

"When did he say that?"

"To Margaret, in the library, the evening before the crime."

"He did not say inside of three days," said Rodman, shuddering. "I overheard the conversation."

"So did Aunt Chloe. I've talked with her. Kingsbury didn't say 'inside of three days,' in so many words, but he said the same thing. He said 'before he can change his will.' Now, it was well known that your brother wouldn't change his will till Lawyer Parsons got back, and that wasn't to happen for three days.

"And now for the deed. Kingsbury is a doctor. He knows all about poisons. You admit that?"

"Certainly. But——"

"Wait! What happened on that night? After supper you went out on the veranda. Your brother started for the garden back of the house. He was met by Margaret, who came out of the conservatory, with a rose in her hand. She met her father, and pinned the rose on his coat. Now, do you know who was in that conservatory at the time? Why, Kingsbury, of course. Who took the rose off the dead man's coat and destroyed it? Why——"

"Kingsbury!" gasped Rodman. "I saw him do it."

"Very good. Now, Aunt Chloe saw Margaret pin the rose upon her father's coat, and she noticed that Margaret held her face away from it.

"Why, it's a sure thing. The rose was poisoned. Its fumes slowly mounted up, and killed—— Come in, Miss Rodman, I was just talking about you."

Margaret, beautiful as a white rose, and as colorless, entered the room.

"What were you saying about me?" she asked coldly.

"I was telling your uncle about your pinning the rose on your father's coat. Is that a fact?"

"Certainly I did so."

"And who gave you the rose? Tell the truth, now."

"I will not be insulted in this——"

"Margaret," said Rodman, with white lips, "who gave you the rose?"

She looked him full in the face.

"Doctor Kingsbury," she said. "He picked it in the conservatory, where he had been waiting for me."

"Well, sir; I think that's all that we require," said the man from Elgin. "I will now proceed to arrest Doctor Kingsbury."

"He is not here," gasped Rodman.

"Yes, he is," said Margaret.

She flung open a door.

"Charles," she said, in a voice that quivered with feeling, "come to me. Here is a knave and fool who accuses you of murdering my father. He may sustain his charge, perhaps, in the presence of other idiots more gross than himself; but if you love me, as you have often said, you may almost thank him."

As she uttered these words, Kingsbury advanced into the room, his handsome face pale but calm.

"Yes, you may be thankful for this bitter day," Margaret continued. "It has taught me what I am; no, what I have been, and will be no more. Whatever fate befalls you, bond or free, in affluence or beggary, disgraced or honored, you will have my love, and you have said that it was worth all the world to you. With your leave, if money comes to me by my father's death, I will give it all in charity, and share your fortunes. The love of it has cost too much. I am disenchanted."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the man from Elgin, "but you yourself cannot hope to escape suspicion."

The young physician was about to make a vigorous reply to the charge which had been brought against himself and the woman he loved, when a cheery voice interrupted.

"What have we here?" said the voice, and Rodman, turning, beheld the coroner's assistant, but in a moment the face and bearing altered, and it was Nick Carter who stood there.

"What have we here?" Nick repeated. "Why, it's Lanky Latham, of Elgin. And what has Lanky Latham been saying that has proved so unpleasant?"

"He accuses me of murdering Henry Rodman," said Kingsbury steadily.

"You may thank Heaven," said Nick. "If Lanky Latham says so, it can't be true. Your innocence is established."

"Mr. Carter, is this fair to me?" pleaded Latham.

"Fair to you, you attenuated signpost on the road to error! Is it fair to me for you to come down here, where nobody wants you, and mix yourself up in one of my cases? Haven't I got enough innocent people out of your clumsy grip? It seems not. Then take a seat in the corner and watch me do it again."

He turned to Mr. Rodman.

"Has that safe been opened yet?" he asked.

"No; the men are waiting in another room. I'll call them."

"Never mind; I'll open it myself."

"Without tools?" exclaimed Rodman.

"Oh, I've the combination," said Nick carelessly.

He sat down before the safe, twirled the knob backward and forward, and then flung open the doors.

"Now, Mr. Rodman," he said, "will you be good enough to look for the will? Meanwhile, I'll hold an inquiry; and, as my first witness, I'll call Aunt Chloe, who seems to know more of this affair than anybody else.

"Come in, Aunt Chloe. That's easier than listening at the door."

The old colored woman entered.

"Now, aunty, sit right down in that chair. You're a witness, remember, and if you tell a lie—well, it won't be the first one, I'm afraid. However, I'll believe you this time.

"First question: Why didn't you tell anybody that you saw Mr. Rodman die?"

"'Deed, sah, I was afeard," said Aunt Chloe. "I thought Mas'r Kingsbury 'd do the same to me. So I jes' kep' still till you come along, readin' pusson's minds, and seein' what's inside 'em."

"Never mind compliments; what did Mas'r Kingsbury do to Mr. Rodman?"

"He done make a blue fire come up out'n de groun' and scotch him to deff!"

"And you saw the blue fire?" said Nick, while the others stood speechless.

"I done see it, sah, all plain. I was lookin' out'n der back winder, and I see Mas'r Henry fall dead when de fire come out'n de groun' an' scotch him."

"That will do for the present, Aunt Chloe," said Nick. "Now, Mr. Rodman, I have put my only eyewitness on the stand. In corroboration, I have much circumstantial evidence. But, first, have you found the will?"

"There is an old will here. It is dated three years back. I knew of its existence then, but supposed that it had been destroyed. The last will is not here—the one in Margaret's favor."

"Very good; it is as I supposed," said Nick. "Will you have the goodness to look at these articles?"

He drew from under his coat a coil of fine copper wire, covered, except at the ends, with a black coating. There were not less than three hundred feet of wire in the coil. In addition to this, he displayed some rubber gloves.

"I found these," he said, "in a hollow tree in the grove near the road. Do you know what they mean?"

"I do," cried Kingsbury. "Margaret, I am saved! But what a dreadful crime! What fiendish ingenuity!"

"That will," said Nick; "in whose favor is it?"

"In favor of William Gilbert."

"And who was seen coming from the direction of the grove just after your brother's death?"

"Gilbert!"

"Has that will been in the safe for the past three years?"

"No; it is soiled and worn. It has been in somebody's pocket."

"In whose, if not Gilbert's? On whose cuff did I find the half-erased memorandum of the combination of that safe? Gilbert's. Who, then, had the power to remove the last will and substitute this, which, by its appearance, I think he once rescued from the fire? Gilbert!

"Why, it is plain enough. He stretched this wire from the electric lamps on the street into the garden. I have found the spot where the insulation on the main wire was purposely worn off. He climbed a pole, and did the work with these rubber gloves. Then he stretched this insulated wire to the garden, and placed it so that the bared end would stand up clear of the ground. The wire was doubtless put in place during the previous night. It was too small a thing to excite any attention. It was a certainty that your brother, in collecting the dead branches, would take hold of this wire, and, with a weak heart in his breast, his death was sure.

"Gilbert waited in the grove all day. When Henry Rodman fell dead, Gilbert drew in the wire. Then he pulled it down from the main wire, having previously weakened it for that purpose. He hid the wire and the gloves in the hollow tree. It was the work of a few minutes. He was in time to pass around to the gate and respond to your call. The burns upon Henry Rodman's hands gave me my

first clew, and when I had Aunt Chloe's story of the blue fire, the thing became plain as to the method.

"As to the criminal, the conclusion was easy, and has been verified in many ways. One more remains." Nick raised a window and whistled shrilly. A minute later a constable of Winston appeared, leading Gilbert, who was handcuffed.

"William Gilbert," said Nick, "in accordance with the law, I warn you that a confession made now will be used against you in your trial. I also warn you that it is entirely unnecessary. You can be convicted without it. Have you anything to say?"

"I am guilty," said the wretch. "I did it for her."

He cast his wandering and half-maniacal eyes on Margaret.

"She loved money, and I loved her," he continued. "I loved her with an intensity of which that cold-blooded reptile——"

"That will do," said Nick. "Now, Lanky Latham—— Why, he's slipped out. Well, he had already fully sustained his reputation."

THE END.

Nick Carter has probably solved more murder mysteries than any other living detective. Yet the one that he was called upon to solve, the facts of which are related in "Nick Carter's Death Trap; or, The Marcus Murder Mystery," was unlike any in his long and varied experience. The fatal finger of suspicion pointed to more than one innocent victim, and when their innocence was established, the question, "Who killed Mr. Marcus?" was a deeper puzzle than ever. Nick Carter solved it, and the way that he did it makes a fascinating story. The issue containing this story is No. 35, and it will be out May 10th.

STAGE FRIGHT.

A manager says: "I once sent 'on' a young medical student in the character of a lover, who had to make a declaration, be accepted, be surprised by a rival, challenge him on the spot, declare that he would not stir until this greensward was stained with the blood of one if not both, order parenthetically pistols for two at once, and coffee for one in ten minutes, and, in fact, go through the greatest amount of bombast compressible into a short time. Of course, the love-making was to be of the most high-flown character. 'On' he went, and at sight of the audience and the lady seated at her worktable subsided immediately into the very abyss of fear. Instead of rushing frantically toward the object of his affections, flinging himself on his knees, and bursting into a tremendous rhapsody, as he ought to have done, he simply stood and looked at her, twisting his hat feebly in his hands.

"Not one word could he say, but in dead silence crept across the stage, slowly took up a chair, offered to sit down, looked behind him to make sure if the chair was really in its place, sat down on the extreme edge of it, looked on the ground, rubbed his knees slowly, and now and then glanced up at his intended bride, much as a dog looks up when it has stolen something and knows it is going to be whipped. The audience were in ecstasies. They all thought it was pure acting, and that the part was that of a bashful lover. Certainly, any one who could act half as well would make his fortune. He had been in possession of the stage some seven or eight minutes without speaking a word, when he opened his mouth once or twice, rubbed his knees again, and at length said, in a broken and husky voice: 'How's your mother?' A perfect shriek of laughter burst from the audience, and gave the opportunity for getting him off the stage. The rival rushed forward, pounced on him, hauled him off by the collar, flung himself on his knees, did all the rhapsody himself, and we had to patch up the scene as best we could. Although so completely a failure on the part of the individual, the scene was the best of the evening."

UNDER THE KNIFE;

Or, THE CLOAK OF GUILT.

By ALDEN F. BRADSHAW.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Miss Stella Russell, who is staying at a Boston hotel with her mother, is found, seemingly murdered, in a private dining room of the hotel. Shortly before the discovery is made, a man in an Inverness coat is seen to rush from the room. Detective Sheridan Keene makes a desperate effort to capture the man, but he escapes. Two men, Doctor Cyrus Yardley and Lord Moreland, who seemingly had designs of some sort on Miss Russell and her mother, and with whom they had been to the opera that night, make every effort to get the suspected murderer.

CHAPTER III.

KEENE RECOVERS HIS MAN.

Though full of incidents, the pursuit had occupied only a very few minutes, and Keene now started to return to the hotel by the way of the street.

"I there may find some evidence of the assassin's identity," he commented.

In front of the house three doors below that from which he had emerged, Keene suddenly paused. His eye had caught sight of a doctor's sign affixed to the door—Roy Kendall, M. D.

Although it now was nearly midnight, the hall of the house was brilliantly lighted.

"Evidently he is up," said Keene to himself. "I'll take him along with me. There's the ghost of a chance that the girl is not dead."

He sprang up the steps, then stopped as if struck a blow between the eyes.

"By gracious!" he muttered; "here's a curious circumstance."

By looking straight through the hall of the doctor's house, and the rear window of the dining room into which the hall led, Keene found himself staring squarely at the red signal light on the railway embankment, at the very point where the man in the Inverness coat had left the tracks.

It glared at him like a single blood-red eye through the gloom of the doctor's dining room. The sudden appearance of the light, with what had already happened, set Keene to thinking with amazing rapidity.

"It don't seem possible," he finally muttered. "Doctor Kendall stands ace high in his profession, and has money to burn. But I can ring him up, at all events, and need not betray my misgivings. If they are well founded,

his nerve surely will weaken when he claps his eyes on me."

Having thus concluded, Sheridan Keen pressed the electric bell.

The summons was quickly answered, and by the doctor himself. He came into the hall from the library, just back of the front parlor. He was tall and straight, about thirty-five years old, with mobile, clean-cut features, smoothly shaven. He was neatly attired in a quiet plaid suit, with a plush smoking jacket in lieu of a coat.

Keene noted all this as he approached the door, then drew aside till the physician opened it. Then he stepped suddenly forward, saying:

"I want you, Doctor Kendall."

Surely that would floor him, if worthy of any suspicion, Keene had decided.

But Doctor Kendall's composed white countenance did not change by so much as a shadow.

"That so?" he said quietly. "Are you sick?"

"Feel my pulse," said Keene, thrusting out his hand.

He was a bit nonplused, but still artful, and his aim was to touch the doctor's hand.

"Feel your pulse, eh?" smiled Kendall, drawing back a little. "Step in, please. The night air is cold. Now I will do so."

He took Keene's wrist, and the shrewd detective instantly discovered not only that the doctor's fingers were slightly moist, but also that the edge of his wristband was slightly damp, and that his cuffs had been removed.

"He has been washing his hands," Keene instantly decided.

"Your pulse appears to be normal," Doctor Kendall now observed, looking him straight in the face. "A little rapid, perhaps; but that's nothing. Why do you ask about it? Don't you feel well?"

"I've had an awful shock, and I feared my heart might be off, by the way it has been jumping," Keene now explained, laughing.

"What kind of a shock?"

"There's been a murder committed in the hotel back here."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; I am sent to bring you around there. Can you come at once?"

"I can come if necessary, of course!" exclaimed Doctor Kendall, now regarding him very sharply. "Why didn't you say so in the first place? Is the victim dead?"

"I am not sure."

"Not sure?"

"No; I came away in a hurry."

"I will go round there with you, though if the person is dead I can be of no service. Step into the library while I slip on my coat and shoes."

Keene followed him as far as the threshold of the room mentioned. It was an elaborately furnished room, and in a large easy-chair at one side of the center table an attractive woman, in an old-rose tea gown, sat sound asleep.

The aroma of a partly smoked cigar was in the air, and the cigar itself, with bluish curls of smoke still rising from it, lay on a brass tray on the table. Near by an open book was turned, pages down, to keep the reader's place.

Were these the devices of a guilty man to avert suspicion, or had Doctor Kendall really been sitting there with his wife, reading his book and enjoying his cigar?

Sheridan Keene was suspicious. He was puzzled also.

The doctor shook the woman by the shoulder.

"Wake up, Louise," he cried. "Wake up! you've slept long enough. It's time you retired."

Keene watched the woman as a cat watches a mouse.

"She's not feigning," he said to himself.

The doctor found it difficult to arouse her.

"What time is it?" she asked drowsily.

"Nearly midnight. I've been called out to an accident. Come, come, stir yourself! Come up to your chamber with me, while I put on my shoes."

"Very—well."

"I'll detain you but a moment longer," the physician added to Keene, as he helped his wife from the room. "My shoes are up in my chamber."

"By gracious! I believe that woman has been drugged," thought Keene, as they passed him in the hall. "She looks and acts it. She doesn't even see me."

He watched the doctor urge her up the stairs, then he cast a swift glance about the hall. A tall mahogany closet stood against the wall under the stairs.

"I'll have a look at its contents!"

He stole across the broad entry, making sure that he was not watched from overhead, and softly opened the double doors of the closet.

Several coats and lady's garments hung within. He felt of them in succession. One, only, differed from all the rest. This was an Inverness topcoat.

It was a dozen degrees colder than any of the others!

"It has just been worn in from out of doors," muttered Keene, with an irrepressible thrill of joyous triumph. "The chill of the night air has not even had time to leave it. There's no question about it—I've nailed my man!"

These were the excited thoughts that now flashed through the brain of this clever detective.

But Sheridan Keene was not ready to make an arrest. Not he!

"There are too many side issues," he reasoned, as he softly closed the closet doors. "Besides, my nervy doctor will not now resort to flight, for he doesn't think I suspect him.

"No, no! no arrest at present! I'll give him a loose line till I get on to his whole game.

"No doubt my two bad eggs at the hotel are in it also. If I keep on, I'll have a whole basketful.

"There's four of us in it, at least, since I'm now in it, too!"

With which dry conclusion to his mental review of the complicated situation Keene took the chance of discovery and slipped noiselessly through the doctor's dining room to have a look out from the back windows.

The view discernible by the dim starlight further assured him that he was right. There was the row of back yards, the line of railway, the red signal lantern on the opposite embankment, while a hundred yards away rose the lofty rear elevation of the great hotel.

"It's plain enough now," said Keene to himself. "The man knew which way he was going. 'Twas a shrewd move, slipping through his neighbor's house and dodging into his own. No wonder he easily found the basement stairs, and his way to the front door."

The light from the kitchen windows streamed across the back yard of the third house away.

Two forms out near the gate caught the detective's eye.

Casey was kissing the servant girl good night.

"Is that the way he closes her mouth?" thought Keene. "Well, well, I guess I may trust him to silence her, also, since his commission hangs on his obedience."

A heavy tread sounded on the floor above, and Keene now quickly slipped back to his place in the hall.

Doctor Kendall was just descending the stairs.

"All ready?" asked Keene cheerfully.

"As soon as I get my case," replied Kendall with a nod, hastening into the library.

"You'll soon have another kind of a case on your hands," said Keene to himself, following him into the room.

"By the way, doctor," he then abruptly demanded, "who lives in the third house above here?"

The doctor looked up without a change of countenance, and squarely met the detective's indifferent gaze.

"I don't know the name of the people," he answered readily, without a tremor in his voice. "They've recently moved in there."

"I just came through their house, in order to reach the door of yours," said Keene, with a laugh.

"How did that happen?"

"Well, the fact is, doctor, I am a detective, and happened to be in the hotel yonder when the crime was committed, and the assassin started to make his escape."

"Well, well, that was fortunate!"

"Yes, so 'twas! But I failed to get my man. He slipped out of the back door of the hotel, and led me a sharp chase down the tracks back here. Then he entered the yard of the third house above, and dodged through to the front street. He gave me the slip in that way."

"Well, that wasn't so fortunate," observed Doctor Kendall, with a curious smile.

"Well, I should say not."

"I don't happen to know who lives in the third house above. Didn't you have your gun with you? Why didn't you drop the man?"

"I did try it once and missed him. After that, he was too far ahead, and evaded me too quickly. If I had been sure——"

"Just let me get my overcoat, and we'll go along at once," interposed the physician, turning quickly to the hall. "May I ask your name, by the way?"

"Certainly," replied the detective, following him. "It is Sheridan Keene. I am one of the Boston inspectors."

"Ah, I've heard of you."

"Nothing bad, I hope?"

"Quite the contrary, I assure you. You have a rather enviable reputation as a detective," smiled the doctor, slipping into a heavy frieze overcoat and putting on his hat. "Well, well," he added, leading the way toward the front door, "I really hope you'll succeed in running down the fellow, if a murder has indeed been committed. Now we're off, sir."

Keene slipped his hand through the physician's arm, as they started down the street, and found that there was not so much as a tremor in his erect and muscular figure.

Though accustomed to meeting men of courage, the nerve and audacity of this man utterly amazed him.

Keene expressed his sentiments in the one terse thought that quickly flashed through his mind:

"It's deucedly lucky that I already have him in my power!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

Sheridan Keene had several motives in not arresting Doctor Kendall at once.

He wanted more conclusive evidence against him. What already had happened, told him that he was up against a remarkably clever man, who had thus far laid his plans with extraordinary acumen.

Keene would take no chance of being fooled at the finish as he had been at the start.

He had decided, moreover, that the two men at the hotel were suspicious characters, and that the game he had heard them mention might have involved even the life of the girl he had seen in their company, and afterward beheld dead on the floor of the private dining room.

Sheridan Keene wanted to make dead sure of the whole business, and the whole gang.

This was the reason why he frankly had disclosed himself to Doctor Kendall, as stated. He did so in order that Kendall might feel that he was not suspected, and the ruse had worked like a charm.

Just fifteen minutes from the time Keene had started down the back stairs in pursuit of the man in the Inverness coat he and Doctor Roy Kendall again entered the hotel in company, like genuine good friends.

It was an extraordinary situation to have developed so quickly.

A great crowd was in the hotel office and parlors, but several policemen had cleared the corridors near the room in which the tragedy had occurred.

"Make way there, you people!" one of them cried, who now saw Keene approaching. "Let those gentlemen pass."

"It's Sheridan Keene!" exclaimed an observer. "It's the detective!"

And then all necks were craned to get a glimpse of the noted officer, whose duties became so grave and important at such a time.

Keene quickly led the way toward the private dining room.

An officer was now on guard at the door.

"How long have you been here, Norton?" Keene sharply demanded, as he approached.

"I came a few minutes after the crime was discovered," replied the policeman.

"What have you done?"

"Only telephoned to headquarters, sir."

"Has the chief been up?"

"He said you were here, sir, and would take charge of the case. I've been waiting for you to show up."

"Very good!" exclaimed Keene. "Is the woman dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any investigation been made?"

"None by an officer, sir," replied the policeman. "But there's an English doctor inside, who has examined the body. He says she is dead."

"Go send Ferguson for the medical examiner, and then come back here," Keene said sharply. "Come in, Doctor Kendall."

And the two men entered the fatal room.

It was a small but elaborate private dining room.

A single window, directly opposite the door, opened upon the street, and was about six feet above the sidewalk.

In the middle of the room was a square table, laid for

dinner. The remnants of the viands still were upon it, with a partly empty glass of wine. A dainty candelabra adorned the table.

On a chair at one side was the woman's opera cloak and hat, and on the floor stood a pail of ice, from which protruded a bottle of champagne.

The body of the victim lay upon the floor near the table. Her neck and breast were stained with blood from a wound under her right ear. It was plain at a glance that the woman was dead.

The only other occupants of the room were the colored waiter, Doctor Yardley, and the man called Moreland. The last two were seated; the waiter was standing near the window.

Keene took in all these features at a glance.

They were the very persons he wanted under his eye at that moment.

Yet he did not show the slightest sign of suspecting any one of them.

Doctor Kendall bent above the body, then uttered a sudden cry:

"Good God! this girl is Miss Russell!" he exclaimed.

"Then you know her?" demanded Keene.

"She and her mother are old friends of mine. Merciful heavens, this is dreadful!"

"Is she dead?"

"Yes, yes," cried Doctor Kendall, with a perfectly natural display of emotion and dismay. "One of the arteries of her neck has been severed with some sharp instrument. What an appalling crime! Poor girl, poor girl! The body is still warm."

He knelt above her while speaking, and turned his back to the detective in a way that concealed his manipulation of the woman's body.

Then he hurriedly examined the wound, nervously fingering her throat, and starting slightly when he did so; and, finally, he went so far as to thrust one of his fingers deep in her mouth. Evidently he discovered something extraordinary, for he suddenly turned as pale, for a moment, as the snowy tablecloth near which he was kneeling.

Though Keene did not see this, it caught the crafty eyes of Doctor Yardley, who sat across the room and had been watching him.

The smooth, oily face of the English physician, despite his usual self-command, underwent a change that betrayed his intense amazement. He checked this instantly, however, and pretended that he did not observe it.

But Keene's watchful eyes had not failed to notice both changes.

"What do you find, Doctor Kendall?" he asked quietly.

"That I can be of no service here, Detective Keene. This woman is dead, sir, and only the district medical examiner can authorize her removal."

"I have sent for him."

"Then I will return home," said Kendall, drying his hands. "I really am deeply shocked, sir. This young woman was once a very dear friend of mine, though I have not seen her for several years until now. Better far had I never seen her thus!"

Again Keene caught a curious change in the expression of Yardley's face. But he knew how to bide his time.

"Is she a Boston woman?" he asked of Doctor Kendall.

"She and her mother once lived here, but have, for some years, been in Europe."

"Wealthy?"

"I believe so."

"Any relatives here?"

"I think they are alone in the world."

"Do you know when they returned from Europe?"

"I saw by the Saturday paper that they had just arrived. That is all I know about them."

"Then they have not called on you since their arrival?"

Kendall haughtily drew up his fine figure and frowned.

"I said I had not seen the woman for years till now," he replied, with some feeling.

"Ah, I'd forgotten that," Keene observed dryly.

"Perhaps I can give you all the information you require, Detective Keene," Yardley now remarked, coming forward.

Keene eyed him sharply.

"And who are you, sir?"

"My card, sir. Do me the honor."

And Yardley bowed and grinned with malicious complacency, and produced a bit of pasteboard.

"Doctor Cyrus Yardley, eh?"

"At your service, Detective Keene!"

"And what do you know about this girl?"

"I have been this poor girl's companion, and her mother's medical attendant, for several months, sir. With my friend, Lord Moreland, yonder, who is of the English nobility, we have been traveling in Europe. We arrived on the *Cephalonia* last Saturday. This crime is utterly inexplicable!"

"Why do you think so?" demanded Keene, observing the strange and steady stare Kendall was bestowing on the English physician, and suspecting at once that some secret communication might be going on between them.

"Why, why, sir," protested Yardley, with servile politeness. "I know of no person who can have desired this girl's death. Nor does her mother, who now is utterly prostrated, and bereft of reason, even."

"What brought her to this country again?"

"A matter of property."

"What do you know about this crime, Doctor Yardley?"

"Only what my eyes have told me."

"Well, what have your eyes told you?"

"I had occasion to seek Miss Russell, whom I supposed was in the hotel drawing-room. Not finding her, I came through this corridor to ask yonder waiter if he had seen her."

"Where was he at that time?"

"In the corridor."

"Go on."

"He said he did not know where she was. While questioning him, I heard the sound of blows and a struggle in this room, and attempted to enter. The waiter stopped me, and ordered me to keep out."

"The door was locked, sah," cried the negro.

"It is true the door was locked, Detective Keene," admitted Yardley. "I then went out to the sidewalk and looked in the window."

"What did you see?"

"This girl bleeding and dying on the floor, and a man making ready to effect his escape."

"What was he doing?"

"Listening at the door. Then he caught sight of me,

and at once opened it and ran. I immediately threw open the window and gave the alarm."

Keene looked him sharply in the eye.

"Could you identify the murderer, if you saw him?" he demanded.

"Oh, easily!" exclaimed Yardley. "I'd know him by his beard."

"Beards can be removed, sir," rejoined Keene. "Did you find the girl dead when you came in through the window?"

"Yes, sir; she had breathed her last."

Keene swung around to the waiter.

"What's your name, my man?" he demanded earnestly.

"Samuel Johnson, sah."

"Why did you tell Doctor Yardley not to enter this room?"

"'Cause, sah, Miss Russell done tole me to see she wasn't distarbed, sah."

"Did you know Miss Russell was in there?"

"Yes, sah."

"Did you tell Doctor Yardley that you did not know where she was?"

"Yes, sah."

"Why did you lie about it?"

"I done tole him that, sah, 'cause Miss Russell done tipped me to see that no pusson diskivered she was in here, sah. Dat's why I done it, sah."

"Did she plan that with you before coming here?"

"Yes, sah; she done do dat berry t'ing, sah. She done get me to have dinner already and on de table, sah, so she could slip in here after de op'ra, sah, to meet a gen'lum friend, sah."

"That was all prearranged, was it?"

"Yes, sah."

"And you were to aid her in this deception?"

"Yes, sah; dat's the berry way ob it."

"Did you see the man arrive?"

"I done see him slip into de room, sah. Miss Russell, she came next, sah, and locked de door."

"Then she appeared anxious to meet this man, who terminated the interview by cutting her throat?"

"She done seem so, sah."

Keene knew the waiter was telling the truth. He had seen enough to convince him of that. He knew also that neither Yardley nor Moreland could have had any active part in the crime.

"It's a mysterious case!" he observed bluntly.

"Extraordinary!" murmured Doctor Yardley.

"Unaccountable!" said Kendall, who had waited to see how this inquiry turned.

Keene looked them all over once more.

He realized that there was a great mystery here.

He also knew that it could not be solved then and there.

Much work must be done, and the cleverest kind of detective work, to get the truth from such men as these.

"Doctor Yardley," he said sharply. "Take me up to Mrs. Russell's chamber."

For a moment Yardley turned pale.

Sheridan Keene instantly detected the change.

"Why do you hesitate?" he demanded.

"Mrs. Russell is very ill, sir," protested the physician.

"Likely to die?"

"Very!"

"All the more reason, then, why I should see her at once. If you are her physician, take me to her room."

"I am ready."

"Lead the way."

"One moment!" cried Doctor Kendall. "Am I wanted here any longer?"

Keene quickly shook his head, saying:

"No, doctor; you were very kind to come at all. The medical examiner will presently be here, and I shall give the affair to him."

"Good night, then."

"Good night, doctor."

And Keene shook his hand, wondering how long before he should slip a manacle around that firm and muscular wrist.

"Now, Doctor Yardley!"

The smooth, crafty-eyed physician preceded the detective from the room.

Sheridan Keene said only this to the officer at the door:

"Norton, order those other two men out of the room, and wait here for the medical examiner. Tell him I've completed my investigation here, and to give you his instructions. Have the body removed to the rooms of an undertaker. I shall not return here to-night."

"Very well, sir," and the officer touched his helmet.

The detective turned again to the English physician. He now was more than ever convinced that this man was a crafty and unscrupulous knave, despite his smooth exterior.

"Now, Doctor Yardley," he said sharply, "lead the way."

In a few moments the two men entered a sumptuous suite on the third floor. In the parlor two ladies, guests of the house, were seated.

One was Mrs. Paget.

She quickly arose, asking anxiously:

"Is there any news, Doctor Yardley? Has the assassin been discovered?"

Yardley rubbed his hands, and glanced out of the corner of his eye at the detective. He knew even better than Sheridan Keene who the man was that had met Stella Russell that fatal evening.

"Ask this officer, Mrs. Paget," he said obsequiously.

"An officer?"

"Detective Keene."

"The criminal has not been discovered," said Keene, with his eyes open for every sign of a clew.

"It seems so strange, so very strange!" exclaimed Mrs. Paget.

"In what way?" demanded Keene.

"That this girl should have been murdered by a friend."

"Why do you say friend?"

"Because Miss Russell came to me about fifteen minutes before she was found dead, sir, and asked me to do her a favor. She said she wished to meet a gentleman friend on the sly, and asked that I would not say where she had gone."

"She spoke of the man as a gentleman friend, did she?"

"Those were her very words, sir."

"Did she say why she wished to meet him?"

"Only with her eyes, sir. They were very bright, and she seemed very eager for the meeting."

Keene turned to Yardly.

"Take me to the girl's mother!" he commanded.

The physician led the way to an adjoining bedroom.

The elderly woman, whom Keene had seen an hour previous waiting for the elevator, lay in bed.

She was in a state of semiconsciousness, and moaning piteously.

Keene glanced at Yardley. The doctor had grown very pale.

"Are you going to speak to her?" he demanded, in a whisper.

"Why do you ask, sir?" Keene sternly inquired.

"Because the woman is not in her right mind," protested the physician. "She may say things which——"

He was interrupted by a terrific scream.

The thrilling intensity of it fairly chilled the detective's blood.

The woman had started up in bed, and was pointing her finger at the shrinking figure of the English physician, who now had turned ghastly white.

"Take him away!" she shrieked, in the violence of blind frenzy. "Take him away! It's his doings! It's all his doings! Take him away! out of my room—out of my sight! It's all his doings! My daughter—lay her death to him! Take him away! Take him away!"

The mere presence of the doctor seemed to drive the woman to madness.

Keene saw at a glance that she was delirious.

He saw, too, that Yardley was as white as a corpse, and shrinking toward the door.

With an ugly look in his eye, Keene seized him by the shoulder and dragged him from the room and out into the corridor.

"Tell me what she means by those words, Doctor Yardley!" he commanded sternly.

Yardley now showed his true colors.

With an angry movement, he threw off the detective's hand. His face was no longer smooth, but was convulsed with passion, and his narrow eyes were ablaze with evil fire.

"You know what she meant as well as I do," he cried angrily. "Don't you lay your hand on me again! If you do, you'll get in trouble!"

"Tell me what she implied?" repeated Keene, ignoring his threatening looks.

"Great Scott! How do I know what she implied," cried Yardley. "The woman is out of her head. If you think I know what she meant, Detective Keene, find it out in your own way, sir."

"That's just what I mean to do."

"Get to work, then, as soon as you like," retorted Yardley. "I am not able to tell you, and I will put up with no more of your infernal insolence. You can find me right here in this house any time that you want me. Good night, sir."

And Yardley boldly strode away, with his short, fat figure shaken with passion.

Sheridan Keene let him go.

He was not yet ready to take the aggressive.

Yardley strode downstairs to the office, and then back to the room which he occupied in company with Moreland.

The latter was getting ready for bed. His grim face was flushed and sullen. He received the physician with a growl.

"So it's all off, is it?" he demanded, with a sneer, when Yardley entered. "Here's a pretty mess, with the game ended on a dead card."

Yardley snapped his fingers and laughed loudly.

"Not ended, Moreland, my boy!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "Only a new deal!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say."

"Isn't the game queered by the girl's death?"

"Far from it," grinned the doctor, pouring a drink from a decanter on the sideboard.

"Tell me what you mean?" cried Moreland, with a frown.

Yardley swung round from the sideboard and surveyed him with malicious delight.

"I mean that the game is not ended by the death of the girl, simply because I've discovered the party who killed her."

"The deuce you have!"

"It's a fact, Morley, my boy; and he's now in our power, and the one we must bleed. You see, it's only a change of sex."

"But who is the man?" cried Morley, now so called, in rising excitement.

"Whom do you think?"

"I've no idea. Tell me who?"

"The chap who came in with Keene," cried Yardley, with a great display of enthusiasm.

"Oh, I know," he added, observing his companion's doubtful look. "You can leave it all to me, Jimmy Morley. He has fooled the detective, but I'm blessed if he ever saw the day that he was able to fool me. We have him dead to rights, Jimmy, and the game has just begun."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BASHFULNESS.

Bashfulness, I take it, is not so much the result of a want of confidence in one's powers as a want of confidence in one's ability to influence others.

The bashful person is usually intelligent, and perhaps cultured, but he is sensitive, and very susceptible to influences brought to bear upon him by those he meets. The bashful person is self-conscious, and often feels himself to be, in some respects, at least, superior to many others around him, but he has not had the opportunity of measuring the strength of his efforts against those of his fellows.

Of all people, those least troubled with bashfulness are actors, singers, and those who make any kind of personal effort before others, and this is not because they are thick-skinned, or naturally wanting in sensitiveness, for the contrary is always the case.

Miss Ellen Terry was, when a child, nervous and bashful, and on the occasion of one of her early appearances before the public, her distress, when standing at the wings prior to stepping upon the stage, was so intense that she has since stated she would have given all her possessions, and even her future artistic prospects, if the floor could only have opened and allowed her to escape.

Who has not noticed the almost aggravating ease and comfort before strangers of the little choir boy who sings the solos in the cathedral, while his elder brother, who has had no similar experience, is perhaps awkward and retiring.

The fact is, that in the exhibition of ability before one's fellows there is a combination of circumstances which is absolutely fatal to bashfulness. To begin with, the very

act itself gives the performer confidence, and the receipt of expressions of approval awakens an emotion that is a specific against bashfulness.

In order to cure bashfulness, therefore, all that is necessary is for the sufferer to choose some short piece of poetry or prose, preferably something that will be effective and dramatic when delivered. Let him commit this to memory, and recite the lines at least half a dozen times entirely alone, after which he may ask his most intimate friend to be present while he tries again. Here the struggle will come, but it will be one in which the bashful person will surely come off victorious. After a few attempts, a new and delightful feeling of ease will arise, and then the members of his own family may be asked to hear him; they will no doubt, cheerfully submit to even several repetitions, at intervals, of the chosen piece.

By this time the bashful one will almost certainly feel a positive pride in the delivery of his lines, and even though he may have had no special ability for reciting, the care and reiteration will probably have made his efforts a pleasure to listen to. He must now seize every opportunity, such as that afforded by a gathering of friends, to exercise his new-found art. It is almost certain that if these directions be followed the bashfulness will be abolished in a few months.

It may be urged that this requires a greater effort than many can make, but in reply I can only remind the reader that there is no medicine that can be taken three times daily to cure bashfulness, and that some effort is necessary, and further, that as a result of a somewhat unique experience, I am able to state the firm opinion that the above course requires the minimum of effort for the maximum of results.

Bashfulness rarely proceeds from any defect that would render the above course impracticable. Where the sufferer stammers, the delivery of a song carefully learned may be substituted for the recitation.

If the sufferer has any talent for music, either vocal or instrumental, the display of his abilities in this direction may be very well substituted for recitations. The point is to bring one's self to do something individual—something that causes one to stand forth before an audience of fellow creatures dependent solely upon one's own powers. When practice has led to the accomplishment of this, bashfulness must necessarily cease.

MAN-EATING EELS.

Eels can cause the death of a salmon of considerable weight by the use of strategy. One will obtain the grip between the dorsal fin and the tail and then hold on like a bulldog, while the unfortunate victim in vain throws itself backward and forward endeavoring to shake off its captor, until at length its strength is exhausted, and the eel proceeds to make a meal at leisure.

Worse crimes than these are laid to their charge in New Zealand. A great number of bathing fatalities had taken place at a certain spot, where the current ran with such strength that a powerful swimmer could only just stem it. It was a favorite pastime to have a tussle with the stream, but several times a bather disappeared before help could reach him, and when his body was found it was discovered that much of it had been eaten by eels.

The cause of the fatalities remained unknown for a long time, but at last it was discovered that while the swimmer was almost stationary in the rapid stream a huge eel would seize him by the foot or leg and drag him down beneath the surface. Eels attain an immense size in those waters, 20 to 30 pounds being no uncommon weight.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Hawks can fly at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

Ducks can fly at the rate of ninety miles an hour.

The crow can fly at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

The falcon can fly at the rate of seventy-three miles an hour.

The sparrow can fly at the rate of ninety-two miles an hour.

Frogs live from twelve to fifteen years if not eaten.

Three thousand stars only are visible to the naked eye. Countless millions are revealed by the telescope. Some are so remote that their light traveling at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second cannot arrive at our little planet in less than fourteen thousand years.

The different species of birds are estimated at six thousand.

The different species of reptiles will probably reach two thousand.

There are two hundred thousand species of living animals.

The art of printing was invented in 1440.

Glass windows were first used in the year 1180.

FLOATING GARDENS.

Near the City of Mexico is the Lake of Xochimilco, nearly covered with floating gardens, called chinampas, and on which are raised flowers and vegetables for the city markets. They are formed of floating masses of water plants, covered with soil and secured by poplar stakes. The latter take root and surround the islands with living hedges. Among the largest of natural floating islands are those formed by tangled masses of trees and brushwood carried down by great rivers. On the Mississippi and its tributaries these islands are known as "rafts." One of the most remarkable of these rafts began forming in the Atchafalaya, one of the lower arms of the Mississippi, in 1778, and gradually increased until by 1816 it had extended to ten miles in length, over 600 feet in width, and eight feet in depth. Although it rose and fell with the water, it was solid enough to support the growth of trees, some of which were sixty feet in height. This vast obstruction was finally removed by the State of Louisiana at great expense.

HOW TO MEASURE THE HEIGHT OF TREES.

When a tree stands so that the length of its shadow can be measured its height can be readily ascertained as follows: Set a stick upright, let it be perpendicular by the plumb line. Measure the length of the shadow of the stick. As the length of its shadow is to the height of the stick so is the length of the shadow of the tree to its height. In other words, multiply the length of the shadow of the tree by the height of the stick, and divide by the shadow of the stick.

THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS.

Wait Twenty-nine Years for Lunch.

Aboard the steamship *Neckar*, bound from Bremen to New York, twenty-nine years ago, four seventeen-year-old boys found themselves assigned to a single room in the steerage. The combined capital of the four was hardly more than the cost of their trip. The same four boys met at the Hotel Astor, in New York, recently, for a reunion and luncheon.

This time their combined capital amounted to over $3,000,000, and was represented in the plant of a moving-picture film manufacturing company, of which one of the boys is president; a company which makes candy in which another is a partner; a fur store owned by the third boy, and an importing house partly owned by the fourth.

The idea of having a reunion originated when Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Company, with offices at 1660 Broadway, met Julius Klugman, a furrier, on Broadway. It was the first time they had met since the *Neckar* landed them in New York, in 1884. Klugman began to tell how he carried Laemmle to the deck of the *Neckar* when he was praying that he might die on the thirteenth day of his seasickness. That led to a discussion of the other two who had been in the same steerage room, and it was found that all four were living in Manhattan and that all were the fathers of families and were engaged in business here.

Those who attended the luncheon besides Mr. Klugman and Mr. Laemmle were Julius Hilder and Leo Hirshfield.

"Look us over, young man," Mr. Laemmle said to a reporter at the luncheon, "and see if you think America spells death to opportunity, as some of the muckrakers say. Here we are, only forty-six years old, and each of us has had plenty of fun and plenty of fight, and while we were dead broke when we came, the government never had us for public charges. I remember my first job was as errand boy for a drug store, and I took it largely because it offered a chance of a warm place to sit through a cold winter night."

Loses Legs a Second Time.

When William Fitting, of East Williston, was run over by a Long Island Railroad train more than four years ago, his legs were cut off, but after a long time in the hospital, he was able to go out again, with wooden pegs where his legs used to be and crutches to help him about. Grown up to a boy of 19, he was standing, crutches and all, upon the Westbury station platform of that same road recently, when he saw a Polish woman walk onto the tracks, just after a train had pulled out of the station. She had just alighted from that train apparently because she had taken the wrong one, and now she was wandering helplessly about in what seemed to be a state of complete confusion.

Certainly it seemed that way to Fitting, who had an old horror of the Long Island tracks and who saw that another train was approaching the station. He yelled to her to get off the tracks, but she did not hear, or if she heard, she did not understand. She just stood still, gazing about her as if wondering where to go next. It was too much for Fitting, and as there seemed to be no able-bodied men about, he hobbled from the platform and without wasting any more breath in warning, he simply pushed her off the tracks.

She cleared them just in time to save her from the train as it roared its way past the station, but Fitting went under the wheels. The persons who saw all this from the platform sent up a shout of horror. When the train had gone by they hurried to the spot, where the lame boy lay huddled beside the rails.

But he had not been killed. He was not even badly hurt, for the wheels of the train had simply shorn away the wooden pegs. For the second time within five years he had come out alive from such an accident on the same road. But this time there had been no real legs for the boy to lose.

French Expect Little from Canal.

French business men are not sanguine at present regarding the advantages they will gain from the opening of the Panama Canal. Their general opinion on the subject was voiced in a speech made by Monsieur Quellennec, the consulting engineer of the Suez Canal Company, at a luncheon of the Federation of French Merchants and Manufacturers, at Paris.

"Through the decay of her merchant marine," said Monsieur Quellennec, "the chance for France to profit greatly by the canal is small, for the vessels under the French flag which will avail themselves of the new route do not represent more than 5 per cent of the total, and it is to be feared that even this proportion will decrease in the future, as it is doing continually in the Suez Canal.

"The French West Indies will be benefited to a certain extent, but this profit will be limited on account of their position in being rather off the direct line from Europe to Colon and through the competition of other islands more nearly in position.

"Thus it does not seem necessary to create a big port at Port de France or Pointe a Pitre, but at all costs, Tahiti should be made an important stopping place and coaling station. It is urgent that steps should be taken immediately for this purpose."

Monsieur Quellennec, who is in a position to speak with authority, does not think that the new canal will make much difference to Suez traffic.

Corn and Wheat Scarcer.

The supply of corn per inhabitant has fallen off 21 per cent in ten years, and the supply of wheat per inhabitant has fallen off 14 per cent in the same period, according to data recently compiled by the bureau of railway economics. The decreasing stock of these two grains has been accompanied by a disproportionate increase in value, that of corn having risen 44 per cent and wheat 47 per cent. The supply of cotton has fallen off in the decade 8 per cent per inhabitant and the value has increased 80 per cent.

For every 100 miles of railway main track at the start of the decade there were 129 miles at the close, while for every 100 acres of improved farmland at the start there

were 115 acres at the finish. For every 100 bushels, bales, or pounds of the ten principal crops in the former year there were 109 in the latter.

Measured per ton-mile the output of the railways increased 40 per cent. Measured per acre the output of the ten crops average a decrease of about 1 per cent.

Operates on Himself.

"Suffering from a growth which threatened to destroy his jawbone, Doctor William M. Beck," says the Ceylon *Mail*, "calmly stood before a mirror and performed the difficult task of operating on himself.

"He made an incision just below the left jaw, cut away the flesh from the point of the chin almost to the left ear, and then scraped the bone and sewed up the wound."

City Death Warrant Slays Wrong Horse.

He was only a horse in the stables of the New York City charities department, on Blackwell's Island. Aside from the fact that he served the city just as faithfully as he knew how for thirteen years there was little about him worth mentioning, unless one took into consideration his great gentleness and the unconcealed affection chirished for him by every driver and employee in the charities stables. Yet every man of them was downcast on a recent Tuesday night when word went around that Brownie had been shot, and every man of them was black with anger when they learned that he had been shot by mistake.

It was just a little slip in the machinery of the municipal government, a little error in routine. "It was clearly a mix-up in departments," was the brief explanation made at the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

That was all it was, but it killed one of the best-loved horses that ever strained in municipal harness.

The story of the error began on Tuesday afternoon, when Foreman Patrick Murray, of the correction department stables, on Blackwell's Island, telephoned over to the S. P. C. A. that horse No. 5 was suffering from lockjaw, and that it would be well to put him out of the way. So an agent of the society put a bright, shiny revolver in a little satchel and took the ferry over to the island. It is already clear that there were two departmental stables on the island, which, of course, was confusing.

The industrious agent, with his little, written order in his pocket, went to the wrong stables, and, as for the rest, it was just fate that in those other stables—the horse quarters of the charity department—"horse No. 5" was old Brownie. The men called him Brownie, but that was just their unofficial affection. Officially he was horse No. 5, and had been ever since he as a two-year-old became a city employee thirteen years ago.

The agent showed his written order to Foreman Williams, who just stood and looked at the man, incredulous. Then he laughed.

"Why, you can't mean number five," he protested. "That's Brownie. There's nothing the matter with him. Of course, there's a little sore on his shoulder, but what does that amount to?"

There isn't much use in arguing with a written order, but Williams couldn't give in.

"I don't know what the men would say," Williams said, half to the agent and half to the stalls. "You see, he's the pet around here, Brownie is. You ought to see him do his tricks. He'll take off a man's hat by holding the brim between his teeth, and he won't hurt the hat. If you stand in front of him and cross your legs, he'll cross his forelegs. Would you like to see him do some of his stunts now?"

The agent was opening his little satchel, and Williams saw the shiny revolver. After that he just stood and swallowed hard while one of the boys led Brownie out onto the grass plot in front. The agent was examining the cartridges when Williams found his tongue again.

"It's not a bad sore. It doesn't look fatal to me," he said pleadingly.

The agent seemed inclined to share the same opinion. "But," he said, in the manner of officialdom, "orders are orders."

Then Williams turned and went into the stable and shut the door behind him. Even so, he did not entirely shut out the sound of the pistol shot. The stable boy who came in to report said later he had never seen the boss looking so miserable.

Meanwhile the agent had started back to Manhattan and the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. As he entered, one of the office men was protesting over the telephone to the foreman of the correction department stables.

"But we sent a man over to shoot the horse. Horse number five, wasn't it? Surely he ought to be there by this time."

The next day horse No. 5 of the stables of the correction department died in his stall of lockjaw.

Long-service Medals.

According to a report of Consul J. B. Osborne, of Havre, France, the press of that city has just published a list of 107 persons, eighty-four men and twenty-three women employed in Havre and vicinity, to whom silver medals of honor have been awarded by decree of the minister of commerce and industry of France for thirty years' faithful service in the same industrial establishment or business house. In the list were included superintendents, managers, dock foremen, accountants, clerks, weavers, spinners, tailors, dressmakers, tramway conductors, masons, cabinetmakers, boilermakers, stokers, and laborers.

The medal of honor for employees and workmen was established in France by the decree of July 16, 1886, which authorized the minister of commerce and industry to give them to persons whose services had covered a period of thirty years. This service must be in the same establishment, but intervening military service does not interfere. An important condition is that the beneficiary must be a citizen of France, although his employers may be foreigners.

Juniors at Yale Must Reform, Too.

The members of the sophomore class at Yale, who are out for reforms, now demand that the junior fraternities modify their membership rules and some of their practices. The attitude of the sophomore class makes it certain that a complete overhauling of the Yale society system is at hand.

The sophomores recently took action looking to reform in the senior society system, saying that it should lose its features of mystery, and should not be entangled with general college affairs.

Graduate members of the Yale senior societies have

tried to stay the storm, but the petition of the sophomores will go this week to the senior societies and will reach the faculty soon after the Easter vacation.

No attempt will be made to induce the new senior society, the Elihu Club, to change its methods. Since this society was organized, about ten years ago, it has been conducted along lines of publicity which the undergraduates now demand shall be adopted by the other three senior societies.

Dogs Only Pets of Old Recluse.

The town of Honiton, Devon, England, has just lost its most eccentric character in the person of George Newton. For years past Newton's extraordinary mode of living has been the source of wonder to his neighbors, and sometimes of trouble to the authorities.

Years ago Newton was a baker, in business for himself, but a long while back he gave up his trade and closed his shop, which has since remained closely shuttered. The premises belonged to him, as did also an adjoining house, where he lived in a back kitchen. Both houses were absolutely devoid of furniture, except for a chair and table in the kitchen, where Newton eked out his existence with only dogs for company.

It was his love for his animal pets which was one of the old man's most striking characteristics. He lavished his affection upon them, and the dogs—a miscellaneous pack, sometimes numbering nearly a dozen—seemed to reciprocate his attentions.

Recently Newton was found by his neighbors in a dying condition. The dogs resented their intrusion, and it was some time before they could be coaxed into captivity and so prevented from continuing to guard their helpless owner.

Newton had an income from property, and what led him to live his life as a recluse is not known. He was quite unable to look after himself, and the houses were in a deplorable condition.

Claims World Record as a Sunday Scholar.

Miss Susan Steed claims the world's record for perfect attendance at Sunday school, having completed her twenty-fifth year as a member of the North Congregational Church school, at Middletown, Conn., without a single absence.

Miss Steed started on this remarkable record as a girl of five, traveling, as she has been compelled to, about four miles every Sunday. In addition to her record of perfect attendance, Miss Steed also has the distinction of never having been late.

United States Health Officer Warns of Pellagra.

Pellagra is more prevalent than is ordinarily supposed even by physicians practicing in pellagrous communities, declares Assistant Surgeon R. M. Grimm, of the United States public health service, in a report on the results of an investigation in several southern States. Because of its widespread existence in certain districts, he urged a sweeping inquiry to unravel the cause of the puzzling disease.

Doctor Grimm found more cases among whites than among negroes, and women of both races seemed to be more susceptible than men. The death rate was highest among negroes. More cases, he said, occurred under conditions of poverty than of comfort, and more under conditions of comfort than affluence. The rural districts seemed less affected than small towns and villages.

The surgeon declared that there was a possibility that some insect played a part in the dissemination of the disease.

Chinese General Student at Columbia.

Columbia University has the unique distinction of numbering among its students a brigadier general of the Chinese army. He is Chinfu Wang-Shia, one of the heroes of the battle of Nankin, who has just arrived in New York and matriculated in the faculty of political science. He lives at Hartley Hall, one of the Columbia dormitories, and is a very modest and unassuming man of 28 years.

At Nankin, Chinfu, then a colonel, had two horses shot under him, and his cap was blown off three times and finally he fell from his horse with a splinter of cannon ball in his right leg. As a result of this he had to stay two months in the hospital, and to-day he has still a perceptible limp. For bravery and gallantry in action Colonel Chinfu was promoted to brigadier general, and was carried in triumph in Nankin with General Shu Shao-Tseng, the commander in chief, when the city surrendered. Later, he became a division commander in the projected march against Pekin, but peace negotiations intervened.

High-school Girls to be Plumbers.

She's here, the modern plumber, the high-school girl.

Dainty schoolgirls in attractive middy suits and perky hair bows at the Hollywood High School, Los Angeles, Cal., are being taught plumbing for the first time in the history of the Los Angeles schools.

Claud Sandyfur, instructor, has worked out a practical course of physics for girls, taking the theoretical and making it practical.

"I believe the plumbing lessons will prove to be of the greatest value to the girls," said Mr. Sandyfur. "There is no reason why a housewife should not be able to fix a leaky faucet in the kitchen, stop escaping gas, read a water meter and see if her bills are correct or clear a stopped-up sink. We are trying to teach our girls to meet the problems of the house with intelligence."

British Olympic Plans.

A beginning has been made by the British Olympic Council in organizing a team for the Olympic games in Berlin in 1916, and it has announced that a special committee has been appointed which shall control the financial arrangements connected with the preparation of the team. This committee will act as trustees of a public fund so that no portion of the fund can be spent without their assent. The national appeal for funds shortly to be made by members of the committee closely identified with various branches of sport is likely to command the complete confidence of the public. Conan Doyle is one of the members.

Teach Swimming in Schools.

Swimming has been added to the Pittsburgh public school course of study. Every boy and girl will be taught to swim. Attendance at the swimming pools will be required, just as in other classes.

Doctor Watson L. Savage, director of athletics, said that the pools would be open to the public every evening.

beginning on April 1. Instruction in swimming would be given to adults, he said.

Pittsburgh school children have the reputation of being the best juvenile swimmers in America. Doctor Savage says he will see to it that every child in Pittsburgh is taught to swim.

Duelists Ignorant of Art of Fencing.

A duel was fought at the Parc des Princes, France, recently by Monsieur Warnod and Monsieur Pierre Millet, neither of whom knew anything about fencing. When the rapiers were placed in their hands one of them held his as if it were a lighted taper, while the other looked as though he had never seen a rapier before.

But what they lacked in experience they made up in ardor, and they rushed at each other in alarming fashion. The man in charge of the contest knew his business, and every time the fight looked dangerous he knocked up the duelists' rapiers. When the fight had lasted half an hour and three bouts had been fought, the principals were both so exhausted that a halt was called till they had recovered breath.

Then they began again, and Monsieur Millet slightly wounded his adversary in the chest. Monsieur Warnod then took the offensive and brought the duel to an end by inflicting a flesh wound in Monsieur Millet's forearm.

Erase Street Names.

The latest exploit of militant suffragettes in London is the obliteration of the names on the gateposts of houses in the residential streets. Armed with pots of paint or tar and brushes, they raided the Richmond district in this way, disfiguring many houses.

The window-smashing campaign also was resumed by the suffragettes, a jeweler's store on Bond Street and a prominent shop in Holborn suffering from their attentions. Hammers were used in both cases. The police arrested several of the women who were caught in the act.

Lane is Now Lone Chief.

Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the interior, has been made an Indian chief. Recently in his office he had bestowed upon him the title of "Lone Chief" by a delegations of Blackfeet Indians from Montana, who called to give him a pipe of peace and a buckskin tobacco bag.

After handing the pipe to the secretary, Chief Curly Bear, a tall and heavily built mountain chief, stepped forth and said: "Hereafter we will call you Lone Chief. That was the name of our most famous chief. You will be Lone Chief to us now." Then, turning to Mr. Abbott, acting commissioner of Indian affairs, he said: "And you, too, must have an Indian name. You are short of stature, so we will call you Little Chief."

To Harness Streams to Run Railroads.

Within the years of the present generation, it is predicted, electricity will take the place of steam power on the railroads of the United States. Railroad managers have for some years realized that they must look for other energy than the steam locomotive in transporting constantly increasing freight and passenger business.

Of the seven great transcontinental railways spanning the western half of the continent, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul was the last to be constructed, and is the first to perfect a plan of bringing under subjection the turbulent mountain streams that form dozens of great cataracts along the right of way. Electrical engineers were put in the field to work out the possibilities and as a result the railroad is to electrify at once 460 miles of its line through Montana and Idaho.

The electric locomotives to be constructed for this line will be the most powerful ever built.

In climbing grades the current will be taken from an overhead trolley; from the summit on the downward grade the trains will gravitate, the driving clutch will be released, and the motor is converted to an electric dynamo. The voltage thus generated is returned to the trolley and used by the next train climbing the incline. The scheme suggests a solution of the problem, of perpetual motion. These electric locomotives will have a greater pulling strength than any present-day steam locomotive. The trolley system is preferable to the third rail, because it fits well with the slogan of American railroads, "Safety first." The trolley is also more practicable from an operating standpoint, because it is removed from interference by snowstorms and drifts.

Not until 1902 was the really great and final impulse given to a movement now becoming general which will lead ultimately to the substitution of electric energy in place of steam upon the majority of the railroads. That impulse came when the New York Central Railroad Company was commanded by the legislature to substitute electricity for steam between the Grand Central Station and a point identical almost with the northern boundaries of the city, ten miles away. At that time the men of science did not have either under way or in contemplation the electric apparatus necessary for this work.

Not the least of the triumphs of American scientific intellect and inventing genius was the manner in which within three years the problem was solved. A great impetus was given also by the construction of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's approaches to Manhattan and Long Island, work which could not have been undertaken unless electricity had been found to be a highly competent and economic agent.

Charles S. Mellen, president of the New Haven Railway Company, has recently intimated that tests upon the New Haven system have proved highly satisfactory. His actions speak louder than his words, for he is now causing the parent of the entire New Haven system, namely, the line between New York and New Haven, Conn., to be electrified, and expects to have the electric operation under way within another year. He is also causing one of the earliest and one of the most profitable of the New England railroads, the Boston and Providence line, to be electrified. These undertakings point at early electrification of the entire line between New York and Boston, Mass., by way of New London, Conn. Ultimately much of the electric energy needed for the operation of these trains will be secured through the utilization of the great water powers of New England.

What Mexico is Most in Need of Just at Present.

It is the opinion of many that the solution of the problem as to the uplifting of the peon or working class of Mexicans must come from the soil and that dividing the landed estates of the country into smaller tracts and making it possible for the more than 13,000,000 natives to obtain homes for themselves would do more to place

Mexico on a higher plane among the nations than anything else.

It is only within the last few years that the Mexican government has begun to give attention to the agricultural possibilities of the country. It was only two years ago that an agricultural department was created and that the government adopted the policy of paying a liberal subsidy for each acre of land placed under irrigation, the initial appropriation to carry out this plan being $25,000,000. This movement on the part of the government has already resulted in the organization of a number of large irrigation projects in different parts of the country and has been the direct cause of the sale and division into smaller farm tracts of a number of large estates.

Many of the big landed properties of Mexico have been in the hands of the same families for a century or more. They have built up through their revenues an aristocracy that perhaps has not a counterpart except in some of the South American countries and in Russia. Many of the land owners have their homes in Madrid, Paris, or the City of Mexico. Very few of them live upon their estates.

While many of the large haciendas, as they are commonly called, are situated in the higher altitudes and often embrace mountainous country within their confines, practically all of them contain more or less land that is susceptible of agricultural development, either by means of irrigation or in response to the natural rainfall.

If Americans get an opportunity to purchase lands under the new system it is a pretty-well-assured fact that the homeseekers' movement to Mexico from the United States will greatly increase in volume. Already in the Tampico region the laboring classes are far better off than they were during the old régime of what was practically feudal ownership of the lands. Wages have been more than doubled within the last five or six years, and laborers never lack for employment. In many of the American colonies schools for the natives have been established and comfortable homes provided for them.

In Prison Forty-one Years, He is to be Freed at Sixty-one.

Forty-one of his sixty-one years having been spent behind prison bars, Abe Buzzard, the notorious outlaw evangelist, was recently released from the Pennsylvania Eastern Penitentiary.

Speaking of his Jekyll and Hyde career, Buzzard says: "The world owed me a good living, and I collected the debt the best that I knew how. I was not used right the time I was first arrested, and had I not been blamed for crimes I never committed I would never have resorted to the life that I have led.

"I am converted now, and realize that it does not pay to think that you are going to get away with the kind of stuff that I used to pull. I'm going to shake the dust of Pennsylvania from my feet and go to the Pacific coast. I've learned to be a cobbler, and I'm going into the shoe business out West, where no one will know me and where I will have a chance to start life over again."

Buzzard began stealing at the age of fifteen, when he and three brothers organized a gang to raid farms in the Welch Mountains. When twenty he began serving a ten-year term in Lancaster County. He broke out of jail and was recaptured several months later.

After serving several other sentences, he was released from Cherry Hill in 1901. Then it was he professed reformation and began preaching. He did his evangelistic work during the day and stole poultry at night. In the course of a few months he stole 1,800 chickens and 7,500 turkeys from the farmers in and about Reading and Lancaster.

Tried to Ride a Skyrocket.

Rodman Law, who has jumped with a parachute from Brooklyn Bridge and from some of the skyscrapers in New York, attempted recently to take a ride on a giant steel skyrocket. Because of the angle at which the contrivance was tilted the rumor spread that Law intended to make a leap from Jersey City to Elizabeth, N. J., a distance of twelve miles.

A crowd of 150 people gathered to see Law off in the morning at the foot of Williams Avenue, Jersey City. Here, on a mound of earth, surrounded by marsh and rushes, stood his skyrocket, its steel nose pointed at an angle of forty-five degrees in the direction of Elizabeth. The rocket on which Law intended to break all records for human travel was 44 feet long from tip to tip. The powder which was to furnish power for the flight was incased in a thin steel cylinder 24 feet long and 2 feet thick, ending in a conical steel cap. The stick of the rocket was of wood and 20 feet long.

The powder was prepared by Law himself in a way to obtain slow but continuous combustion, so that the exploding grains would propel him forward at an even speed for twelve miles. On top of the steel case, at about the center, Law built a seat for himself with a lever in front, which was meant to control the rocket's flight and keep it from whirling him off his seat.

A motion-picture operator became active when Law himself appeared, clad in khaki. He took an interesting series of films while Law ran his eye along the steel barrel of the rocket to make sure it was aimed straight for Elizabeth. More reels were taken showing Law testing out the parachute, which was fastened to a belt at his waist. With this the rocket man intended to descend gently to earth. When all the preliminary scenes had been duly recorded, Law mounted a scaffold which had been built beside the rocket to enable him to reach the seat.

"You may light the fuse when ready, Sam," announced Law, after he had taken the seat.

The attendant came forward with a match, and the crowd retired to a safe distance when the fuse began to sputter. The motion-picture man rapidly placed a high-power lens on his machine to follow the shaft to Elizabeth, and several other persons took binoculars out of their cases to see the first public ride of a human being on a skyrocket.

The spark climbed up several feet of fuse, sputtering menacingly. The spectators held their breath as it finally burned its way to the body of the machine. After a few seconds there was a terrific explosion. With a shock that threw most of the crowd to the ground, the big projectile burst into a thousand pieces.

When the smoke rose the crowd saw nothing of the rocket except its splintered stick. The scaffold was powder burned. They expected to see Law torn to fragments. But by the time all had regained their feet a figure appeared struggling in a clump of rushes about thirty feet from the scaffold.

It was Law, his clothes torn and covered with mud and blackened with powder. A physician among the specta-

tors examined him and found that, barring a scorching of the hands and face, he was unhurt. Law attributed his escape to the fact that he had a solid seat underneath him.

Law explained that there must have been something wrong with the mixing of the powder, which caused more rapid combustion than he had intended. He said that he had made several successful short flights on rockets in private, and that he intended to repeat the experiment. Many of the spectators thought that if such a rocket could be made to shoot there would be great danger that the steel case, in falling, would crash into a building, and there likely will be opposition to further trials of the same kind.

Only One Set of Whiskers in Wilson's Cabinet.

Pictures of President Wilson's cabinet have brought out comment on the smooth-faced administration. President Wilson and eight of his ten cabinet ministers are clean-shaven. Only one, Secretary Redfield, wears whiskers. Secretary Houston is the only other one not to keep a smooth face. He wears a little mustache.

Secretary Redfield and his "spinach" look like relics of the Chester A. Arthur period. President Harrison was the last chief executive to wear whiskers, but Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Taft all had mustaches. McKinley was smooth-shaven.

This clean-faced administration is particularly noticed by foreign visitors, as the people in Europe have come to identify smooth-shaven travelers as Americans.

Secretaries Bryan and Lane, the two strong men of the cabinet, are the only baldheads.

Scorned Doctor Given a Chance.

Humiliated by the attitude of American doctors, greeted with scoffing, and jeered, Doctor Frederick Franz Friedmann, the German who claims to have discovered a remedy for tuberculosis, has been afforded, through the United States government, a fair opportunity to prove the worth of his treatment.

A thorough test of Friedmann's serum has been started at the Mount Sinai Hospital, under the supervision of government experts. Friedmann was as pleased as a child at this first professional courtesy extended to him.

Through the government officials Mount Sinai Hospital was secured as the scene of the first experiments on adults. Doctor Friedmann was particularly eager to go to this hospital, not only because of its excellent equipment, but because it was the first to refuse to let him experiment in it.

Seven patients, with such well-developed cases that they were confined to their beds, were given injections of the serum by Doctor Friedmann. Three of these were women and four men. The cases were of widely varied forms; three were pulmonary tuberculosis in different stages, one tuberculosis of the knee, one tuberculosis of the rib, one tuberculosis of the elbow, and one tuberculosis of the urinary tract. In every case the patients were eager to "try" the "cure."

At the close of the clinic the government officials were greatly pleased with the manner in which the treatments were made by Doctor Friedmann and the care that he took.

Fully thirty, among them a dozen well-known physicians, were present and gave Doctor Friedmann credit for the skill with which he worked and his apparent earnestness and sincerity.

The government officials declare that it will take six months to give the serum a thorough test, though they expect to see signs of improvement within a month.

Doctor Friedmann found America more than skeptical concerning his remedy for the dread plague. Through the opposition of doctors of national repute he was barred from hospitals. Men and women who had come from all parts of the United States to take his treatment free were driven away as a result of this opposition. The German was helpless.

Public sentiment, however, was on Friedmann's side. It was felt that even if his cure might be found to be a failure, he should at least be given an opportunity to demonstrate it. The American doctors were ruling him out without giving him a chance.

Tuberculosis victims came to New York from great distances. There were many from Arizona, New Mexico, and far-away States, and the change in climate made their condition worse. Most of them have returned to their homes. Several died here. Having failed three times in his effort to obtain treatment from Doctor Friedmann, Charles Lieberman, 18 years old, killed himself by taking gas.

Finally, when a doctor braved the displeasure of the county medical society by letting Friedmann use his office, the German administered his tuberculosis culture to seventeen persons. It will be some time before the results are known.

A Motor Chapel.

Starting from Brownsville, Texas, the first "motor chapel" ever built in this country will work its way along the Rio Grande River westward through the State. The car is known as the Motor Chapel St. Peter, and will be in charge of two priests. It will carry all the religious equipment commonly found in a church. It was presented to the Catholic Church Extension Society by a member of the western branch of the women's auxiliary, and will supplement the missionary work now being performed by railroad chapels, traveling in those sections of the Southwest where members of the church are widely scattered on ranches and in settlements. It will penetrate regions that railroads do not reach.

In addition to the other equipment, a 20 by 50-foot gable-roof khaki tent with seven and one-half-foot walls will be carried on top of the chapel. It will be erected and stretched over the whole car when shelter from the rain or protection against the heat of the sun is required so that services will be possible in all kinds of weather.

A feature of the body is the folding-door construction and the ingeniously installed drop platform which give approximately double the floor space to the car when services are being held. The sides of the car open by means of folding doors, which cover the rear and rear half of the sides and are adjusted to form the sanctuary walls.

Wants Band in State Prison.

A brass band within the walls of the Missouri penitentiary would do much to help the convicts and improve conditions there, thinks Senator Buford, who has introduced a bill to appropriate $1,000 to buy brass musical instruments for the prisoners.

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